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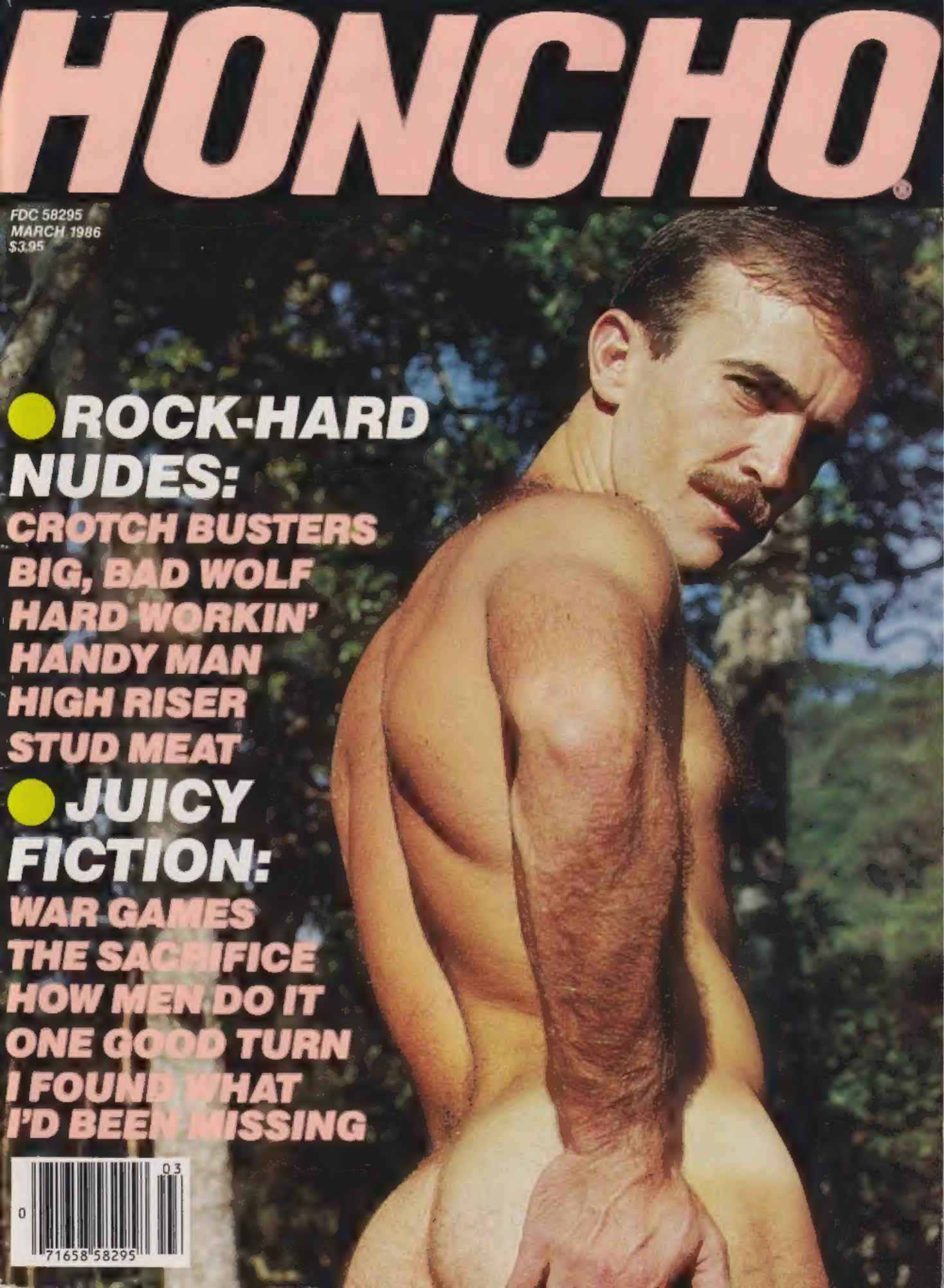

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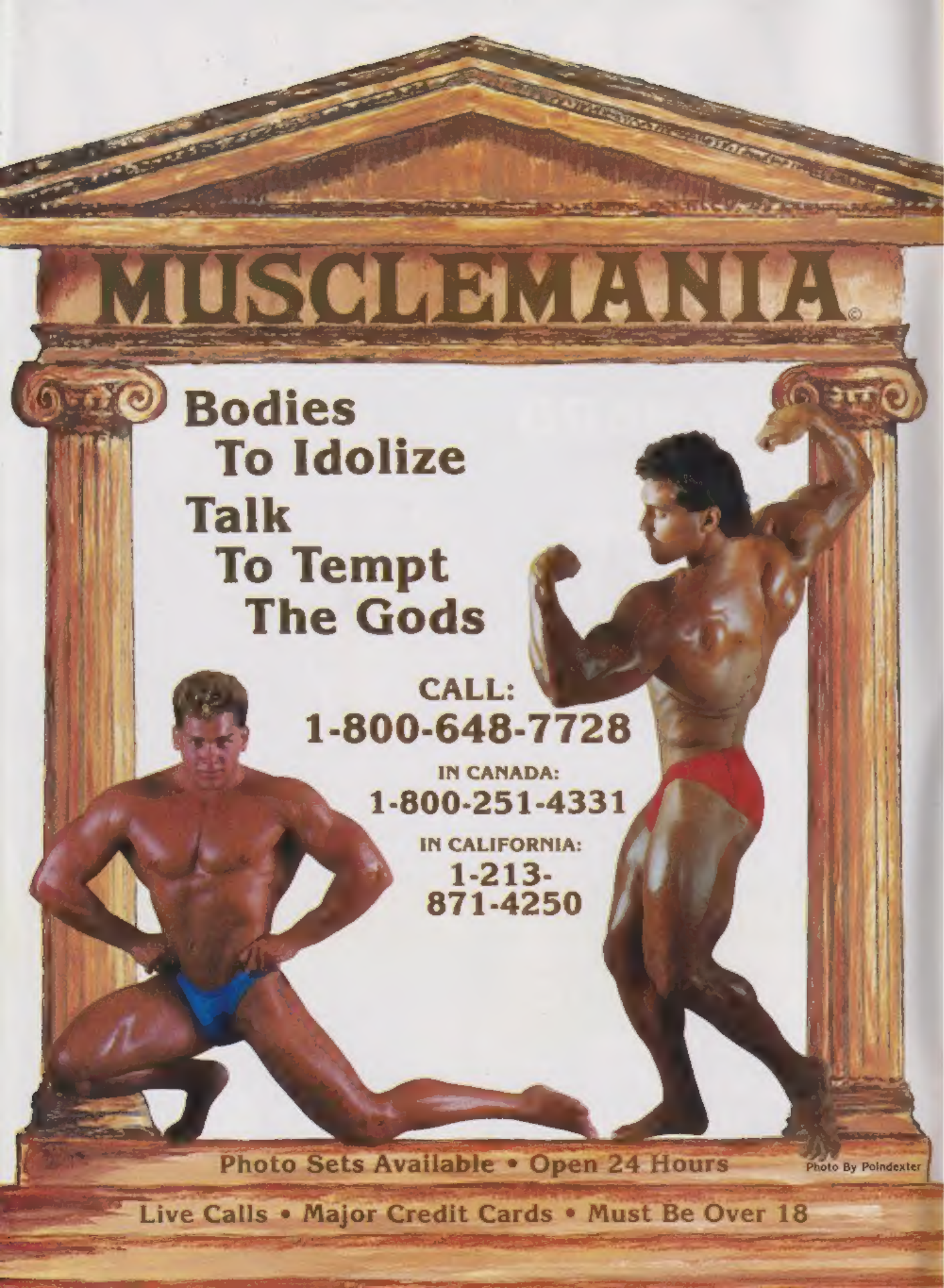
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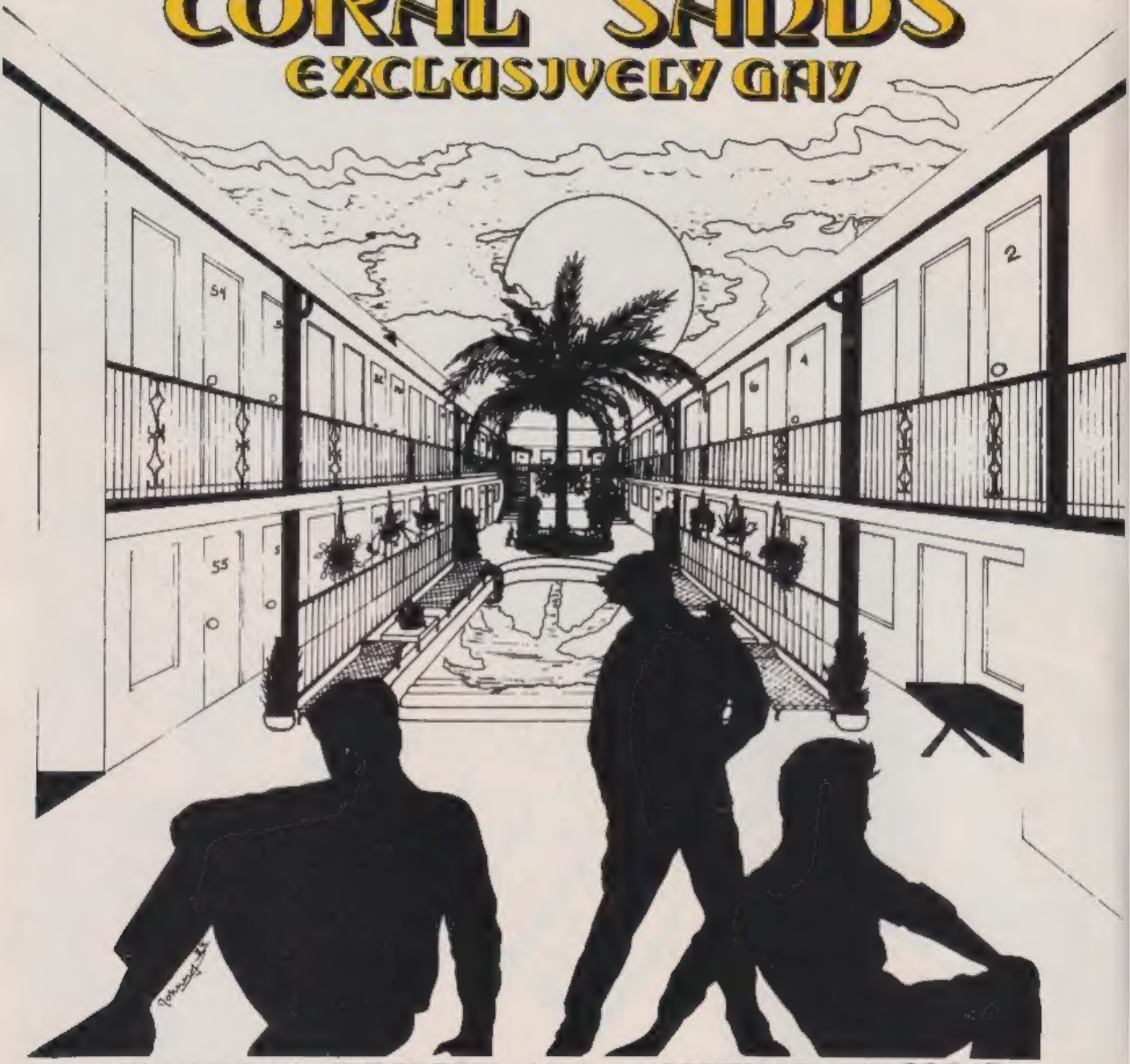

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MARCH 1986
VOLUME 8 • NUMBER 12

COVER BY KRISTEN BJORN

CONTENTS

4 FICTION: THE SACRIFICE
11 FICTION: I FOUND WHAT I'D BEEN MISSING
13 NUDES: HIGH RISER
23 FICTION: WAR GAMES
28 NUDES: CROTCH BUSTERS
37 FICTION: HOW MEN DO IT
42 NUDES: BIG, BAD WOLF
51 FICTION: ONE GOOD TURN
53 NUDES: COME AND GET ME
61 NUDES: HANDY MAN
77 NUDES: HARD WORKIN'
84 CLASSIFIEDS: MAN SEARCH
89 NUDES: STUD MEAT

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CHARTER MEMBER

The Sacrifice

"Why do they call you Zep?" Loren asked. "Drop my pants," Zep commanded, "and find out!" It wasn't a cock, it was a fuck-machine, hugely thick with a pointed head for prying open even the tighest ass. "Jesus," he cried. "You're hung like a fuckin' zeppelin!"

BY JOHN CASTLE
PHOTO BY NAAKKVE

They met at the Craft Exhibition. Loren was bent forward examining the carved cedar panel when Zep entered and stopped abruptly, savoring the trim jean-clad buns. Je-*suss*! What an ass!

Instantly, Zep imagined his cock buried deep in that succulent valley. The blond kid looked up. "You like it?" Zep indicated the carved panel.

Loren grinned at the black-bearded young giant. "Perfect! There's no other word."

"It's yours free. Gratis!"

Loren's blue eyes flicked back to the carving. "This is *your* work? But—why give it to me?"

"Because you think it's good." Zep shrugged his massive shoulders. "I need the praise."

Loren stared at him. Zep was tall and solid; a neat black beard framed thickly sensuous lips; the open shirt front revealed a foam of curly black hairs. There was something *intense* about him, an explosive virility!

"I accept," Loren said. "On one condition!" He took Zep's powerful hand and led him to the other display. "My exhibit! Take your pick."

The hand stayed in Zep's, and the slow throb that had begun in Zep's crotch bloomed suddenly to a pulsing urge. He stared at the gleaming copper plaques, the tiny figures fighting, sleeping—and Jesus, they were all men, every cock and ball tooled with loving care.

"I've had roommates," Zep said, "but they just can't take me. I kinda rip 'em apart." "I could take you," Loren answered. "I can take anything."

"Beautiful," Zep whispered. "You either studied the Greeks—or your model had a cock like a horse!"

"He has. I work in front of a mirror. . . naked!"

The heat in Zep's balls shot into his cock, and it slammed up, hot and ramming, on his thigh. The blond looked down. "My name's Loren."

"I'm Zep. And that's *not* short for Zeppo!"

* * *

Over coffee, they sniffed each other like wary dogs, the slim, blond Loren, the heavy, black-bearded Zep.

"You carve wood for a living?" Loren asked.

Zep shook his head. "Car salesman. And you?"

"Landscape gardener. D'you live alone?"

Zep nodded. "I've had roommates, but I kinda rip 'em apart. They just can't take me!"

"I could take you." Loren's cock thickened with anticipation. "I can take anything!"

* * *

The house was huge and old, with

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only four apartments. Loren grinned at Zep and slipped his key in the lock.

Inside, Zep dropped the suitcase and brought his thick, sucking lips down on Loren's. His huge hands gripped the slim body, crushing it into obedience. His tongue, thick and red as a hot cock, thrust deep between Loren's lips, and his groping hand cupped Loren's quivering ass cheeks and ground them against his raging tool.

Loren wanted this guy to throw him down and tear off his clothes and fuck him mercilessly. "Why do they call you Zep?"

"Drop my pants," Zep commanded, "and find out!"

Trembling, Loren peeled jeans off massive thighs, sinking to his knees as the rigid prong jabbed savagely at his lips. It wasn't a cock; it was a fuck-machine, hugely thick yet with a pointed head for prying open even the tightest [redacted].

"Jesus, you're hung like a fuckin' zeppelin!"

* * *

It was fantastic...for a few weeks.

They lived naked in the mirrored apartment, drawing energy from their explosive sex. Loren's delicate copper figures grew more daring, but Zep's carving became an orgy of hard buttock and jutting penis. "Christ," Loren said, looking over Zep's naked shoulder. "You'll never exhibit *that*!"

"Stick to your copper plumbing," Zep snapped.

Loren drew back. God, it always began like this. "Zep, I wasn't criticizing. I just—"

"Shuttup!" The fist sent Loren spinning. From the floor, he flicked blond hair from his eyes as Zep approached.

"Oh God—not again! Zep, why do you do this?"

Despite his protest, Loren held up his hands and let Zep bind them and loop the cord around his neck.

"On your knees, bastard!"

Loren dropped his head to his bound wrists. "Zep, please! I'm not a dog! Please don't do it!"

"*Shuttup!*" The slap of Zep's hand on Loren's white ass cheeks shot Loren to instant hardness. Christ, he knew he loved it—the subjugation, the power of Zep's brutal commands.

He felt Zep's hands ripping open his ass cheeks, then the whip of hot tongue probing his hole, and then that steely machine, its point dewed with spit, nuzzling for penetration. "Ohhh—please, *slowly*," Loren groaned, straining at his bound wrists. His asshole tensed for the onslaught. "Oh *Christ*," Loren screamed, as Zep rammed his meat up him all the way in a single, vicious thrust.

"Zep—Oh God, Zep—DON'T!" Loren shrieked as Zep tore in and out of him mercilessly. Suddenly the monster cock exploded into him and his own cock spurted shot after shot into Zep's hand. Zep cupped his fingers and raised the brimming sperm to Loren's face, sliming lips and eyes as Loren frantically licked the scented fingers, sucking up his own hot and creamy curds.

They collapsed, gasping. Zep licked the thick white spunk from Loren's face. "Oh Lorrie, sweet. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Why do I do this to you?"

"It's okay," Loren soothed. "It's okay, lover."

But he knew it wasn't.

Because if all that held them together was explosive sex...

* * *

"Maybe it'll get better," Freddy popped another chocolate into his mouth. "Mmm! Delicious!"

Loren looked up from his copper plaque. "I doubt it. The only thing Zep loves is his carving." He glanced across at the panel. "Spends hours on it."

Freddy inspected it. "Why these blank spaces?"

"Waiting for inspiration. He wants to include something really different. Fat chance."

Freddy wandered back, his see-through caftan making even his plump body sexy. "Your own panel's not so bad," he said, peering at the tiny copper figures.

"Zep hates it—calls it plumbing! Our craft work should bring us together, not drive us apart!"

"Stop trying to outdo each other. Give it a rest for a while." Freddy popped more chocolates. "Bill and John are having a house party this weekend

Continued to page 59

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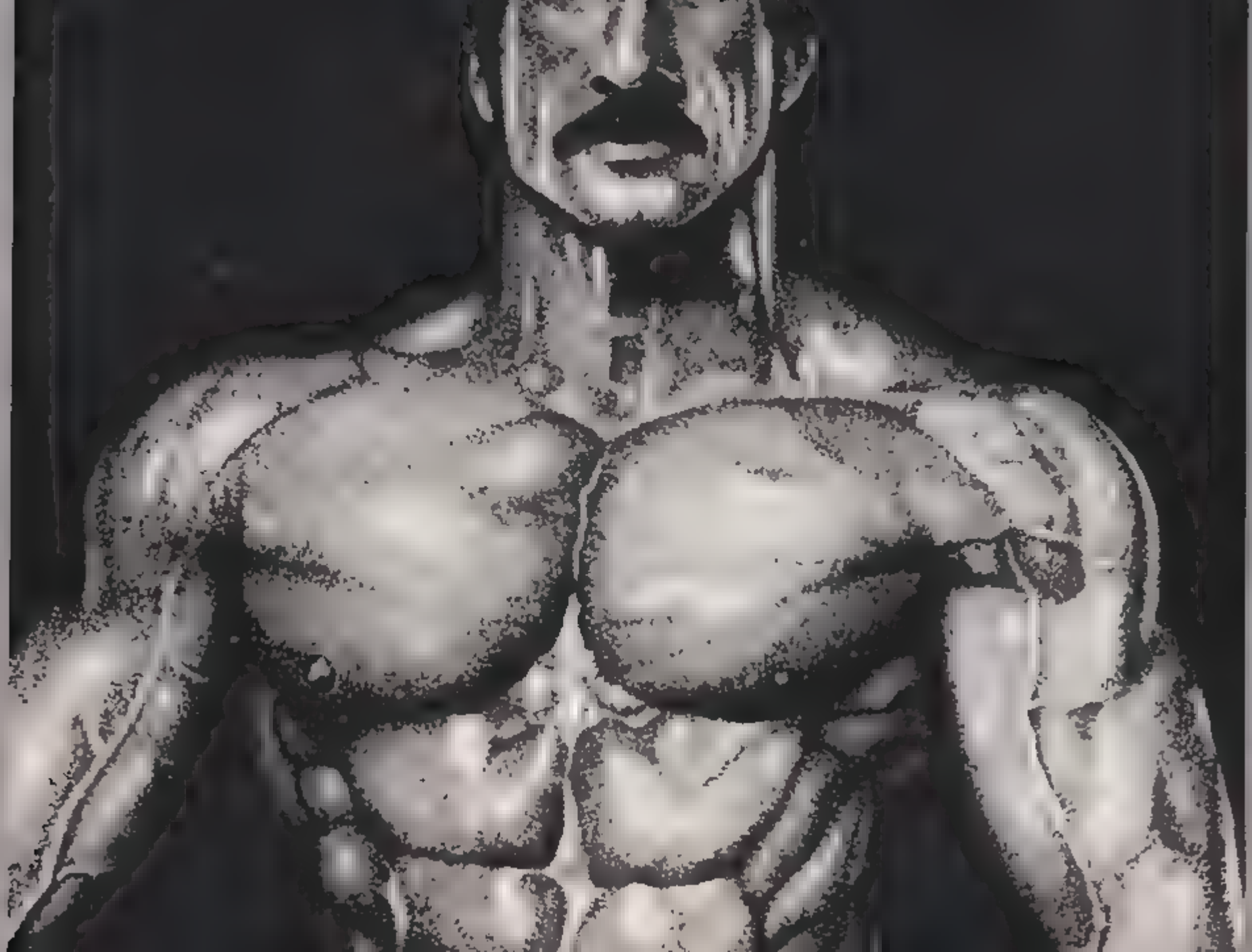


My visitor walked back into the room carrying a jar of my wife's face cream in his hand. "Now I'm going to fuck the living daylight out of you."

I FOUND WHAT I'D BEEN MISSING

By Ed Erickson • Art by Alexander

I woke up with my face against velvet smooth flesh, my nose nudging hard pectoral muscle. Around my neck I could feel a powerful arm resting heavily on my chest. His chest rose and fell with the steady rhythm of relaxed sleep. He was in his back, nestled in his armpit, tight against his huge, hard athletic body. I lay on my side, one arm under my body, my free hand holding a patch of wiry hair and a limp but firm cock.

Half asleep, I thought I was holding my own cock. I moved my hand expecting that special morning pleasure from playing with yourself while still in a sleepy, dreamlike state. But it wasn't my dick at all. As it slipped through my exploring fingers, I realized it was twice the size of my own and uncut, with a long loose foreskin. If this is a dream, I thought, it's perfect.

He stirred in his sleep and I woke up completely. I lifted myself from my comfortable nest and propped up on one elbow. I looked down at a body, then a face I'd never seen before in my life.

In the unreality of early morning, I panicked for a moment. Then the familiar surroundings of my own comfortable bedroom convinced me I was awake, in my own bed, not with my wife but with an unknown brute of a man whose cock was beginning to get hard in my hand.

He must have weighed 250-280 pounds. His feet stuck a good foot beyond the length of the bed: his cock stretched now to ten inches or more. He pulled up his knees, wiggled his toes, lifted his arms into the air and stretched.

"Ummm," he groaned. "That feels nice. But don't rassle it too much. It's just a piss bone. I wouldn't want to piss all over your nice bedroom."

I dropped his cock like a hot skillet handle. He grinned. "Excuse me," he said as he swung his legs off the bed and stood up. The whole room seemed to shake. He reached almost to the ceiling. And that spectacular cock still pointed straight up. As he walked sleepily toward the bathroom, his cock bobbed around like it was attached by a heavy spring.

He left the bathroom door open but I couldn't see him. I waited for the splash. It finally came, a great gushing sound of golden piss like water pouring from a bucket.

He walked back into the room, his cock deflated but still hanging halfway to his knees. "Now I'm going to fuck the living daylight out of you," he said as he towered over the bed. He held a jar of my wife's face cream in his hand. He unscrewed the cap slowly and spread the expensive grease on his cock. He stroked it with both hands, pulling the foreskin back and smoothing the cockhead with beauty cream. His cock got harder and harder as he pulled and pushed it to its full length again.

"Turn over," he commanded. I couldn't refuse. I was afraid, but I wanted that glistening, creamy rod all the way in my ass. "Lift your ass," he said. He took more cream and put in on my ass. He spread it up and down my crack and forced some in my hole with two fingers. The cream was cool and soothing. He finger-fucked my ass. Even though it was my first time, I felt relaxed. But I knew his enormous cock would be different from his fingers.

Friction on the tender tissue began to send pulses through my whole gut, feelings I'd never experienced before. Two fingers dug into my ass. He rubbed against my prostate and an electric shock charged through my whole body and out the tip of my cock.

He withdrew his fingers and my sphincter gripped them as they slipped out like a smooth turd. Then he pushed the head of his huge cock against that willing but tight muscle. I tried to relax. I knew I had to. I pushed down with all my gut muscles like I was taking a crap. When I relaxed he pushed. The cockhead slipped past the sphincter which gripped his rod like a vise. Pain shot through my asshole, but it was bearable, especially as I became aware of the feeling of his cock in my body. I pushed back against it, driving it still further in, letting him know I was ready for more.

"You like it, huh?" he said. I didn't answer, but pushed back harder against him. He started rocking back and forth. I thought the bed would probably collapse as he began slamming into me. At first he couldn't get all that phenomenal cock into me, but as I began to enjoy it more and more I raised higher on my hands and he plunged it all the way in.

"You're not a virgin anymore," he said between lunges that nearly threw me off the bed.

My cock was dripping pre-cum from the beating my prostate was taking, but I wasn't really hard. It dripped in long thin threads that glistened in the light like nectar from some succulent fruit. I wanted to catch it with my own tongue but that was physically impossible. I touched my finger to one of the drops and tasted my own pre-cum for the first time.

"Here we go," he said. He speeded up those piston-like thrusts and with considerable moaning and groaning he came deep inside me. I couldn't feel it except there was less friction and his cock began to soften as he continued with less forceful thrusts. I kept up my backward thrusts to meet his.

"Jesus Christ," he said. "You want more! I've found myself a goddamned whore. Well, stay right where you are, asshole." He slowly withdrew and placed his massive hands on my cheeks, which he spread with his thumbs. "No damage done," he said. He rubbed my tender asshole with one thumb. I gripped it tight as he slid his thumb into me again.

I sat impaled on his weapon. He stroked mine with one hand. "Now lean forward," he urged me. "Suck your own cock." "I can't," I answered. "I can't reach it." "Sure you can. You just need a little help. Spread your knees."

"How about a little nut-fucking?" he said. I didn't know what he was talking about. He moved his solid, huge body against my butt again. He slid his cock up and down the crack of my ass. Even my crack was more sensitive than I had ever realized. His greased cock slid up the crack and over my back as he pressed against me, his balls swinging against my own which were ready to explode.

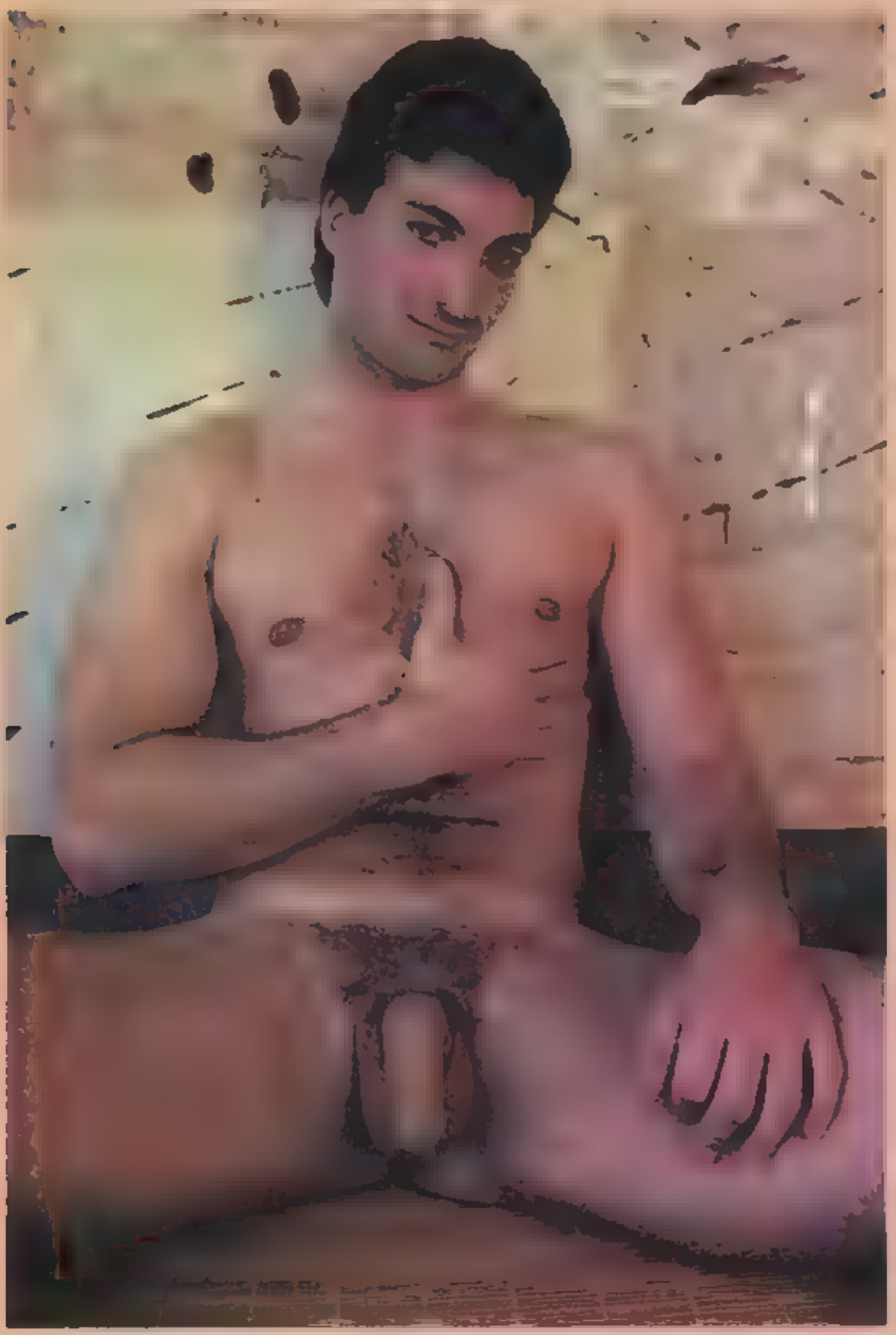
Suddenly I could feel him pushing something into my asshole again, but it wasn't his cock. It was one of his greased balls. It felt like a huge egg against my ass. I could feel the roundness against my body with just the tip pressing against my hole.

"Jesus, open up!" he cried. I tried to relax. It slipped in. He leaned against me. His cock pressed in my crack, one nut inside me, the other pressed into my own churning nuts. He pulled back. I gripped his nut tight, then he pushed

Continued to page 58

HIGH
RISER

HIGH RISER



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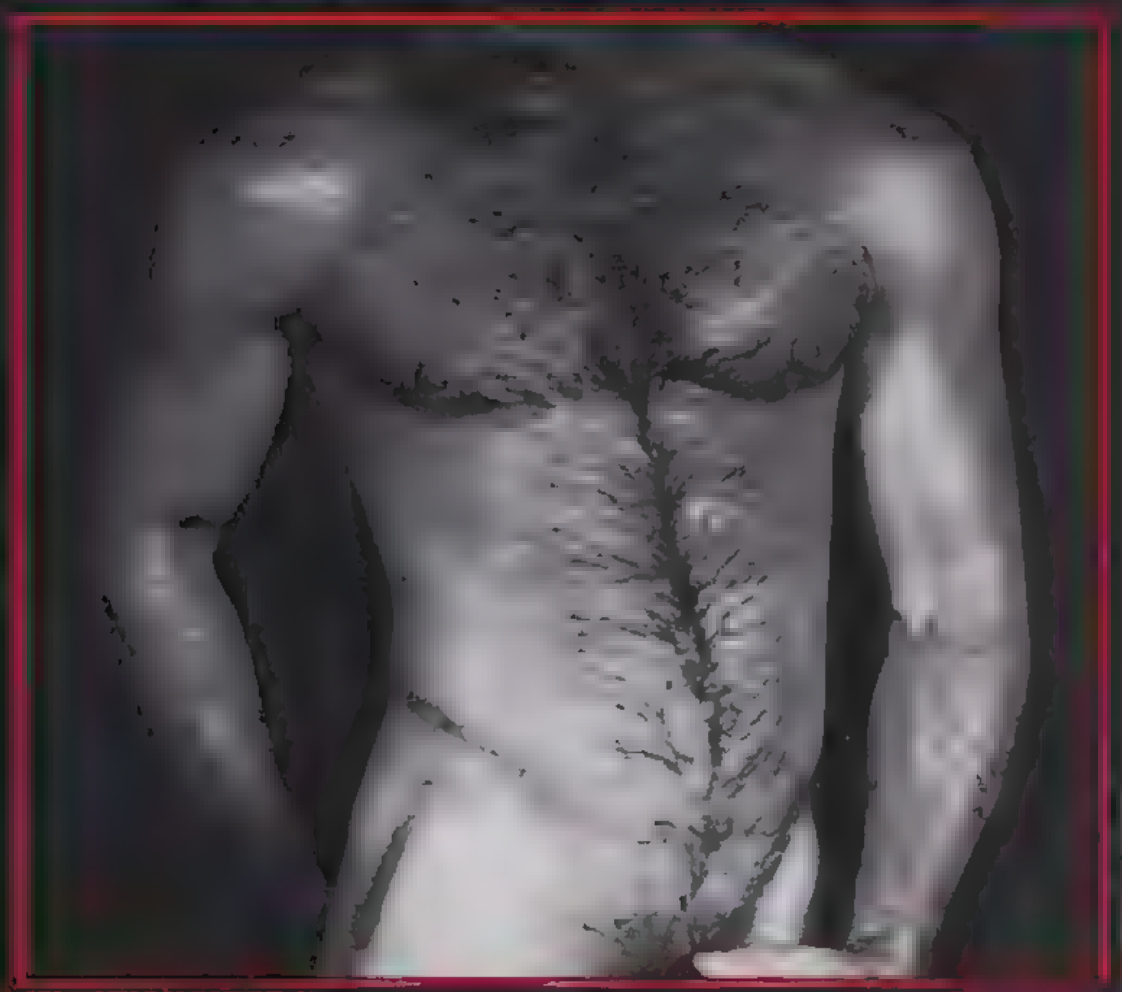

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WAR GAMES

I couldn't exactly ignore Carl. He was built like a recruiting poster; he had muscles on top of muscles. And there was also that formidable bulge down in front . . .

By Matthew Smith • Art by [illegible]

Like a jungle cat he was upon me. His entire weight—all one hundred and ninety pounds of muscle and sinew—came crashing down on my body, forcing me to the ground. I couldn't move, couldn't even wiggle my toes, he had managed to trap me so completely. When I started to protest, he clamped a hand over my mouth. He was only trying to stop me from giving away our position, of course. I knew that. But it didn't make things any easier.

And there was something else: my cock was beginning to react.

About thirty of us had gathered in the forest that day. Bankers, accountants, guys from every walk of life imaginable—even a few cops—had come to participate in the game. The object was simple enough: You had to capture the opposing team's flag without losing your own in the process. Easy, right? Except that while you were trying to do this the other side was trying to stop you. That was where the "blood" pellets came in. If the opposing team managed to "kill" enough of you, the battle—and the game—was lost.

Unlike children, some of these men found the idea of losing totally unacceptable. The combat veterans, especially, fought with an intensity bordering on fanaticism. It was not uncommon for at least a few of the combatants to come away with a host of minor injuries. A game, yes. But a game played for real.

At the moment I was in a different kind of struggle—with one of my own allies. Carl, the jungle cat on top of me, was an ex-marine captain. Built like a recruiting poster, he had muscles on top of muscles. He also had a conspicuous bulge in the front of his pants and a gorgeous tight ass. I had kept my eyes glued to that ass of his as he led me deeper and deeper into the forest.

Now he was astride me, his basket grinding painfully into my crotch. Despite my discomfort, I had a strong urge to reach out and pull him even tighter—if that was possible—but my arms were trapped between our chests; it was just as well, really. I knew if I started anything, I wouldn't be able to stop.

Unfortunately, things were rapidly getting out of control. The way my cock was growing it would only be seconds until he knew what was going through my mind. So why wait? I decided to take the offensive: I arched my hips against him.

"Lie still!" he growled in that deep, sexy voice of his. "I think there's someone over by the bushes."

Quite frankly I didn't give a damn who was over by the bushes. I had made a terrible miscalculation in moving my hips against him and I was dangerously close to coming.

"I said hold still!" He bounced his hips to emphasize his point—and found mine. "Say, what the fuck you got down there anyway?"

Keeping one hand firmly over my mouth, he worked his other hand down between our bodies. "Well, I think we better investigate this closer. What do you say?"

Say? I couldn't say a goddamn thing and he knew it. He started kneading my prick like a piece of clay. Instantly, a thousand tiny explosions went off inside me. And I came. The more I shuddered and spurted, the harder Carl worked his hand on my cock, until I was completely spent. The war game? I had long since ceased to give a damn.

Carl evidently had not. He moved back onto his haunches and peered toward the bushes. He listened intently for the slightest sound. Silence.

"Get you pants off," he growled, his eyes still fastened on the bushes.

I didn't budge. As a matter of fact, I had stopped breathing. I couldn't believe my ears. Not that I didn't want to cooperate—but in the middle of a war

MATT

He called me "fag" and "cocksucker." I didn't care. If it made him feel better about his part in our sex scene, he could call me what he wanted. I had his cock, and that's all that mattered.

game? When someone could come upon us at any moment?

Suddenly, Carl whirled around and yanked at my belt. "I said, get your pants off, mister. Now move it! I'm gonna fuck your ass whether you want it or not!"

It was obvious he wasn't kidding. Although I would have preferred to be taken under less dangerous conditions, I certainly wasn't going to argue with the guy. I quickly scrambled out of my jeans.

Carl pulled down his pants and grasped his cock in his hand. It stood out long and thick as his hand traveled up and down its length, a thin stream of pre-cum dangling from the end. He moved in between my legs and prepared to lift them over his shoulders.

"For Christ sake, Carl, use some spit. Don't just stick it in dry."

"You're the fucking cocksucker. You want something on it, you put it on yourself. Me? I'd just as soon tear your fucking ass."

I scrambled to my knees and took his cock in my hand. With my other hand, I smeared the pre-cum over the head.

"You love it, don't you, you cocksucker. You love getting your [illegible] on a big, fat, juicy dick."

"Fucking right. I thought, [illegible] just as fucking glad that I do. I gave his pulsing flesh a couple of strokes and slipped it into my mouth.

"Suck it, you fag."

Fag. Cocksucker. I didn't care. If it made him feel any better about his own part in this, he could call me whatever he fucking well wanted. I had his cock and that's all that mattered.

I dipped eagerly into the piss slit and lapped up a pearl of sweet, sticky nectar. I circled the glans with my tongue. I licked all the way down one side of the shaft then back up to the ridge underneath the head. Once again I slipped his cock in and then out of my mouth. Once again I ran my tongue down to the base.

Then I started sucking him off in earnest. I put my whole being into it. There was so much I wanted to do. I wanted to feel his cum scorching my throat. I wanted to take his balls, first one at a time, then both of them together, and suck them into my mouth. And that ass. Oh, God, yes. Most definitely I wanted to taste that ass.

"Woa. Wait a minute, God damn you!" Carl roughly shoved me away. "I said wet it, you bastard, not swallow the goddamned thing!" He pushed in between my legs and hoisted them above his shoulders. Then he leaned forward and skewered me in the ass. "Now you're gonna get it," he snarled as he worked in deeper.

He was like an animal, thrusting his cock into my ass with great lunging movements of his hips, using me, abusing me, ripping me apart to satisfy his lust.

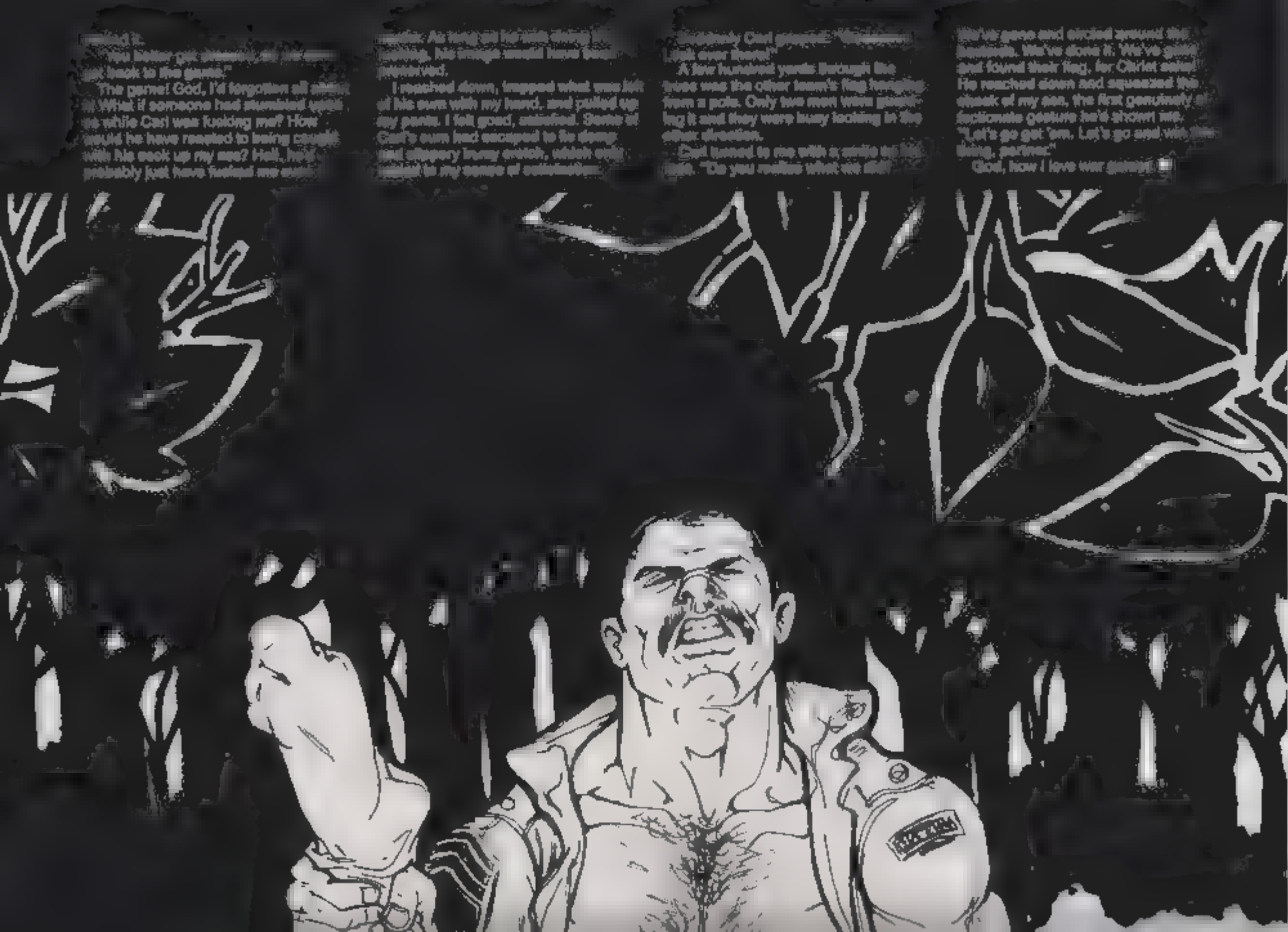
And I was loving it.

Without even trying, we fell into rhythm. Thrust for thrust, groan for groan, we complemented each other's movements. We were one—a tangle of pure animal lust, driving toward that moment when everything would erupt.

I can't really say how long it took. When a searing hunk of manmeat is tearing into your asshole, you don't exactly count every thrust. But I did feel it coming as Carl accelerated both the rhythm and the force of his lunges. Suddenly, with his deepest thrust ever, he locked his hips and exploded inside me.

"Oh God, Carl," I moaned, as my own cock erupted, splattering globs of hot cum across my chest. When his orgasm began to subside, I squeezed my sphincter muscles and milked his cock with my ass, straining to suck out every last drop of his load.

Carl groaned and pulled out with a wet slurping noise. Cum trickled down my ass crack, leaving a cold, damp trail



MATT

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CROTCH BUSTERS

CROTCH BUSTERS

NOW YOU KNOW WHY THOSE CUTOFFS WERE READY TO BURST! THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH STRETCHING THAT DENIM CAN DO. BET YOU'RE GLAD HE LET US SEE WHAT WAS IN THOSE JEANS.

XT TIME YOU'RE ALONE A
UST PICK UP THE PHONE AND
USTER.

HOW MEN DO IT

They were together on the bed, naked, locked in each other's arms. They writhed at each other shamelessly, like animals. Physically, the two men made a striking contrast—Ned's husky, sculptured nudity, pale in the dim light of the bedroom, enveloped Bill's dark feline grace as the blond man rolled over on top of his partner and kissed him with a fierce, demanding desire. Bill threw his head back on the pillow and bared his teeth in a lustful snarl as Ned ran his busy lips and tongue down Bill's throat, laving the dark skin with his saliva. Ned's hard-on rubbed against Bill's groin, hurting him. He moaned. His eyes closed and his facial expression changed to one of sheer, horny ecstasy as he got used to the violent crotch friction. He opened his mouth in a round O and ran his tongue over his lips to moisten them. Then he leaned forward and began to respond to Ned's ardent oral lovemaking with hungry lickings of his own.

"Let me suck you!" Bill breathed. Ned quickly rolled onto his back, pulling Bill on top of him, and lay passive as Bill bent his head and began to kiss and lick first one pointed nipple then the other. Ned moaned softly as Bill's wet tongue-tip slithered rapidly over his tits in little fluttering motions; he couldn't hold back a groan of intense pleasure as he felt his trick's right hand enclose his stiff cock in a loose fist and begin to pump on it urgently, demandingly.

Ned was extremely well-hung and his beautifully-proportioned, swollen-veined cock made quite a handsome fistful of male meat. Bill knew, from long experience, exactly how to rub the ball of his thumb over the other man's dickhead in order to drive him wild. Sure enough, at the insistent, skillful pressure, Ned's hips jerked and thrashed spasmodically as he ran trembling hands over the firm mounds of Bill's buttocks as the smaller guy ground his body down against Ned's and masturbated him with unflagging energy and concentration.

"Make love to that dick, you horny bastard," Ned groaned.

Bill shifted his position on top of the blond's body. His tongue worked its slow, tantalizing way down Ned's heaving chest, across his hard belly. It drilled into the deep pit of Ned's navel for a moment and then, thrillingly, Bill's warm, moist mouth engulfed all of Ned's quivering penis that wasn't being clasped and stroked by his powerful yet gentle fist. He began to suck! Hard!

"Oh! Suck it, baby! Suck me! Suck on my hot, horny dick!" Ned babbled in fevered excitement as that practiced tongue lapped away at his meat at an unbelievably rapid, steady pace. Bill began to bob his head up and down on the thick column of cock he'd swallowed, working his smooth, caressing lips against the tender shaft that twitched in eager response to each suck. Bill was grunting lewdly as he tried to get his breath; his puffed-out cheeks turned red as he struggled to increase the intensity of an already expert blow job.

"Oh, Bill—you hot cocksucker!" was all that Ned could gasp. He was helpless, completely at the other man's mercy, unable to resist the fiery sensations that rushed through his body as that eager, sly mouth coaxed him closer and closer to a screaming, spurting climax.

Fuck! What a terrific cocksucker this Bill had turned out to be! He didn't even have all of it inside his mouth, but the milking pressure of his lips and his damned hot tongue was more than enough to turn Ned on.

The blond stud bit his lips as the pressure in his groin became intolerable. That familiar, sinking, searing feeling of inevitable orgasm swept over him in a hot, wet flood. He gasped, sat up, and tugged at Bill's mussed, sweat-dampened hair, pulling him off his dick at the last possible moment before he shot. Bill panted for breath as Ned lay back shaking, stroking Bill's body with one hand, trying to relax as the near-orgasmic fury in his loins slowly ebbed away to mere excruciating frustration.

BY ROLAND GRAEME • ART BY WESTON LARSON II

again. Drops of clear, sticky fluid had dribbled from between his cock lips and were running down the length of his overexcited tool, he had been very close to coming.

"I want to drink your fucking jizm—suck it all down my throat," Bill confessed.

Ned laughed, breathless. "I'm saving that load for up your ass, if you can get into that." A single-minded, somewhat selfish fuck-lust burned deep in his dark blue eyes.

"The question is, can you get into me," Bill groaned happily. "You'll have to grease it up. That dick of yours is pretty big for me, but I'll gladly give it a try." He was excited by the prospect of having Ned screw him, but he was genuinely worried about his rear end's ability to stretch wide enough to accept the thick cockshaft that had just been plunging in and out of his mouth with such choking force.

Impulsively, he threw himself on top of Ned's powerful body, and they began necking and petting again. Ned's hands squeezed the other man's buttocks, parted them, kneaded them, then explored the hairy valley between them.

"Finger it first, man, I'm all tensed up. Loosen my hole with your finger first," Bill urged. There was a delay as Ned fumbled for the tube of K-Y he kept in the drawer beside his bed and slicked up the blunt-tipped fingers of his right hand. Then he separated Bill's ass cheeks again and his cool, slippery fingers probed gently at the puckered rim that guarded the entrance. Bill writhed passionately in Ned's embrace as first one fingertip, then two, entered his body. The lubricated digits eased their way through his tight ring of sphincter muscles, then massaged the hypersensitive anal lining with gentle but highly arousing circling, thrusting, and stretching motions. Bill panted hoarsely as Ned slipped his other hand between their bodies and seized his cock and frigged it. The firm strokes on his hard-on made Bill's ass muscles twitch and contract, pinching the fingertips that Ned kept shoved inside his asshole. Ned worked his right hand harder, jerking Bill off at the same time, until the smaller man felt a hot flush of arousal spread through his guts and he could no longer tell which sensations came from Ned's fist around his cock and which resulted from the hand that was digging into his fiery manhole, already pretending to fuck him.

"Oh—oh shit—oh man, oh man do it to me!" Bill was lost in the erotic convulsions that ravaged his taut, muscular body. He didn't know how many fingers Ned had up his asshole now, or whether they were in him all the way, and he didn't care. His anus, despite its strong instinctive resistance to the probing, was sufficiently relaxed now for Ned to be able to stretch it open or let it slip shut again at will. Ned's left hand, wrapped around Bill's cock in a tight fist, was wet with the seeping emissions that Bill was leaking.

"Horny bastard," Ned commented roughly.

"Oh...God, baby! Your cock! Put your cock in me now. You can fuck me as long and as hard as you want!" Bill bucked his hips upwards and almost came. "Fuck me, Ned!" he gritted out from between clenched teeth. "Shove that big horse dick of yours up my ass, all the way up it, fucker! Really slam it into me, man! Fuck me! Fuck me raw!"

He was helpless, completely at Bill's mercy, unable to resist the fiery sensations that rushed through his body as that eager, sly mouth coaxed him closer and closer to a screaming, spurting climax.

There was no need to apply more K-Y, either to Ned's cock or Bill's asshole they were both so hot by now that the blend of Ned's natural lubrications and Bill's well-massaged, willing anal muscles would permit them to join their bodies with little difficulty or discomfort. They quickly assumed the most convenient positions, Bill sprawled out flat on his belly with his ass raised off the mattress in eager anticipation, Ned lying at full length on top of his back and gripping his dick in one fist to guide it between the solid ass cheeks he held open with his other hand.

"Open your ass and take my cock," Ned hissed.

"I want it! Plow it in me!"

Bill forced his body not to tense up as the thick, rounded cockhead pressed against his hole and his sphincter tightened in automatic self-defense. Bill forced it to relax and was rewarded by the sensation he feared but craved: the massive tip of Ned's cock parting his anal ring and scraping its way inside him with just enough friction to make Bill's own dick quiver and dribble with thrilled empathy. The crumpled sheets beneath him were already damp with his emissions.

"Yeah, fuck me, put it in me. Oh God! Oh, oh man!" Bill shouted as the invading cock was thrust deeper into his asshole. Its moist tip touched the lining of his ass, then jabbed deeper from another angle and ground against knotted muscles as Ned applied more pressure, letting his weight sink down upon Bill's body to force his cock the rest of the way up that tight, tremulous ass. Bill moaned as he tried his best to relax and accept the huge cylinder of throbbing, insistent cockflesh.

"Take it, whore—take it—you're going to get fucked raw, all right—I'm going to screw you shitless—screw you—*right now*!" Ned gasped, using both hands to grip and divide Bill's buttocks as he stabbed his blood-engorged meat between them. "Ahhh—Jesuss! You're so fucking tight. . . so hot to fuck! Open up and take my cock, man! Suck it up inside your ass!"

Chills—weird but pleasurable—raced up and down Bill's shivering, passive body, as they always did when another man's hard cock was thrust into him all the way. He was sweating, as was Ned. But he felt cold and light-headed, almost faint. Ned's immense dick was fully buried in him now, filling him. It wasn't comfortable, but it wasn't really painful, either. Only when Bill made an experimental squirming motion did a sharp pang shoot through his pelvis. He worked his hips again, biting his lip to keep from crying out in pain at the irritation that resulted as he began to fuck himself on Ned's stud cock.

"Yeah, milk that dick, you hot-assed whore!" Ned roared as his trembling hands roamed all over Bill's sleek flesh. He slammed himself down against the squirming buttocks in fierce fucking rhythms. Bill responded eagerly to his thrusts with uninhibited motions of his own, exerting a strong pressure upon Ned's embedded cock that made the blond man moan and twitch in helpless reaction. "Oh yeah, baby, get that hot ass of yours into high gear! Fuck it, you horny bastard, you! Fuck it around my prick! Work that stud body of yours, baby, work it. Screw yourself on me!"

Bill was already doing just that, but,

hearing Ned's hoarse encouragements, he intensified his efforts. They had fallen into a steady humping rhythm now, Ned's loins thudding against Bill's flattened and reddening ass cheeks each time the husky blond made a deep thrust and pierced the tender tissues that shrank from the pressure of his plowing cock, only to grip his big dick when he pulled back and got ready to lunge down again. Ned screwed Bill hard, drilling into him, Bill arched his spine, throwing his head back into the hollow of his fucker's shoulder. Their moaning mouths slid wetly into contact, and the two men exchanged clumsy, breathless kisses.

Ned had pushed his right hand beneath both their furiously humping bodies and was jacking Bill off as he fucked him. Twisting his head to one side at an almost ninety-degree angle—it gave him a painful crick in the neck—Bill reached up and behind him to seize Ned's disheveled blond head between his hands and hold it still as he glued his lips to his fucker's in a long, open-mouthed, frantic French kiss. Tongues worked against each other in desperate, slippery rhythms, saliva mingling.

"Jesus—fuck!" Ned choked, after they had both come up for air, so to speak. Both men felt out of breath, close to passing out; it was as though their sweaty, writhing bodies were no longer under their control and would go on banging themselves together even if their owners made a conscious effort to stop them—not that either guy had any such desire. They fucked on eagerly. Ned pressed his lips to Bill's hot cheek, rubbing his mouth over the grittiness of the brown-haired stud's growth of beard. Ned's cock burned in Bill's ass. It couldn't be long now, for either of them. The fuck was just too violent, too exciting, to be prolonged; both men would soon have to spurt.

"I love it, man," Bill gasped. "I love it, your cock in me, up my ass, fucking me like this...fuck me harder, come in my ass!" His hands brushed through Ned's tangled blond mop, stroked his forehead and cheeks. "Let me feel it, baby!"

"You're going to fucking feel it," Ned promised. "Every fucking drop!"

They had both, instinctively, slowed their pace in order to prolong their pleasure for as many seconds as possible, their bodies slapped together now with less violence. Each time Ned pushed his dick up Bill's asshole as far as it would go, the man under him would strain his guts to squeeze Ned's cock and make him groan at the sensation. Then Bill would relax his ass muscles, tugging at the surrounding membranes

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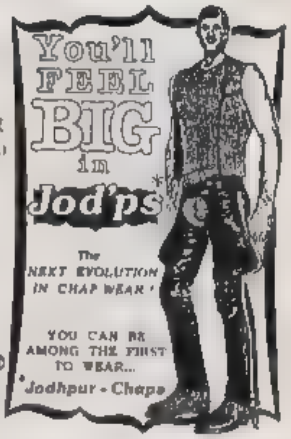

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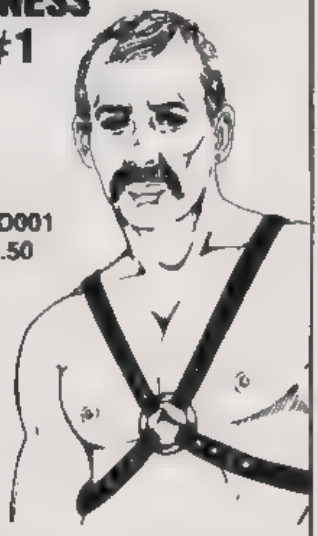

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and dragging them part-way along as the big cock withdrew. Bill sucked in his breath each time he experienced this painful, yet exquisite, friction. Then, when the feeling ebbed away, he would go completely limp, only to tense again an instant later as Ned began another downstroke.

Ned grunted. He was getting close again, and this time he didn't *want* to postpone his climax, even if he could. He *had* to come in that hot, horny, gripping ass! He shoved his cock into Bill's butt—once, twice, three times. On the fourth pistonlike downstroke he felt a quick tingle, like a slight electric shock on his cockshaft, and he began to unload his sperm half-way through the fifth thrust. He gasped and clung to Bill with both hands as the hot semen came to a boil deep within his body and foamed through the tiny passageways to swell his cock before the first burst exploded and relieved the pressure. Howling, Ned lost control of his humping motions and collapsed in a heap on top of Bill, firing blast after blast of scalding, white cum up the dark, hot interior of the smaller man's body, filling Bill with his male seed.

Bill screamed out his lustful satisfaction as Ned's bursting cock plunged in and out of him faster and more roughly than before. Ned's buttocks jerked in the rapid throes of orgasm, driving his dick into Bill, their dripping, exhausted bodies banging together in sticky, heated contact. The clammy, wet sensation of the warm jizm flooding his bowel combined with the sudden extra pressure of Ned's cocktip on his prostate gland. It triggered Bill's own long-delayed ejaculation; his meat throbbed hotly within the slippery grip of his fucker's steadily massaging fingers and he came—not in a series of short, rapid, high-pressured spurts as Ned had, but in a continuous stream as his wet semen flowed from the parted lips of his penis, soaking the sheets, his belly, and Ned's fist that went right on milking his oozing cock dry of its load.

Loosing his grip on Bill's cum-slicked cock, Ned let his right hand slide up the other man's torso, smearing Bill's own jizm over his damp skin. Ned's thumb and forefinger found Bill's nipple and pinched it hard, as he stroked Bill's belly and thighs with his left hand. All the while, he worked his cock in and out of the slushy swamp of his partner's cum-filled butt. Breathing hard, the two men rested.

"Leave it in there if you want to," Bill offered.

Ned laughed. "If I do, it may get hard again and I may end up wanting to screw you all night."

"So much the better...unless you want to get rid of me. After all, when we picked each other up in the bar, it was only supposed to be a one-night stand."

"Oh yeah? Who said that?" Ned kissed Bill's shoulder as his cock pumped away sluggishly in the comfortable ass.

Bill groaned. "I just took it for granted that a guy as good-looking as you would be too busy to want to see me again."

"Don't jump to conclusions."

"Then...is it all right if I spend the night?" Bill asked softly. Ned was still in him, fucking him slowly, his cock still hard. Bill didn't care if he never took it out.

"I'd be insulted if you didn't," Ned murmured, starting to screw Bill again in earnest.

"Good...we can go through the farce of exchanging phone numbers in the morning."

"With me, it's not a farce, man. If I give you my phone number, it's because I expect you to use it. And if I ask you for yours in the morning, it'll be because you were such a hot fuck that I can't wait to trick with you again. You're too cynical."

"And you're too good to be true."

Ned grinned through the film of sweat on his face. "Listen, baby. We can get to know and respect and like each other as persons in the morning, over breakfast. Right now, you can do us both a big favor...you can just shut up and get fucked."

Bill was nobody's fool. He did as he was told. Magnificently. ■

Ned was extremely well-hung and his beautifully-proportioned, swollen-veined cock made quite a handsome fistful of male meat.

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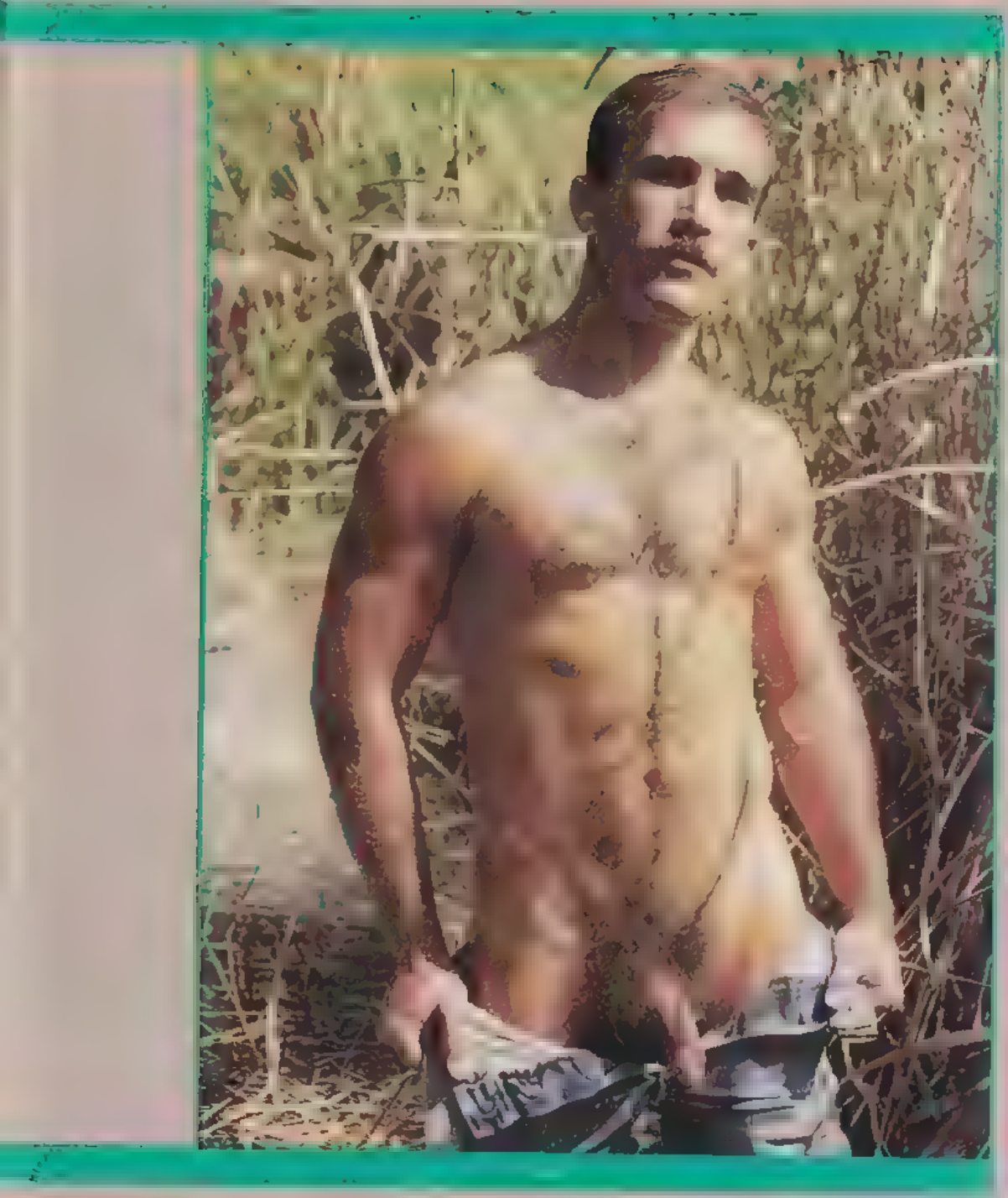
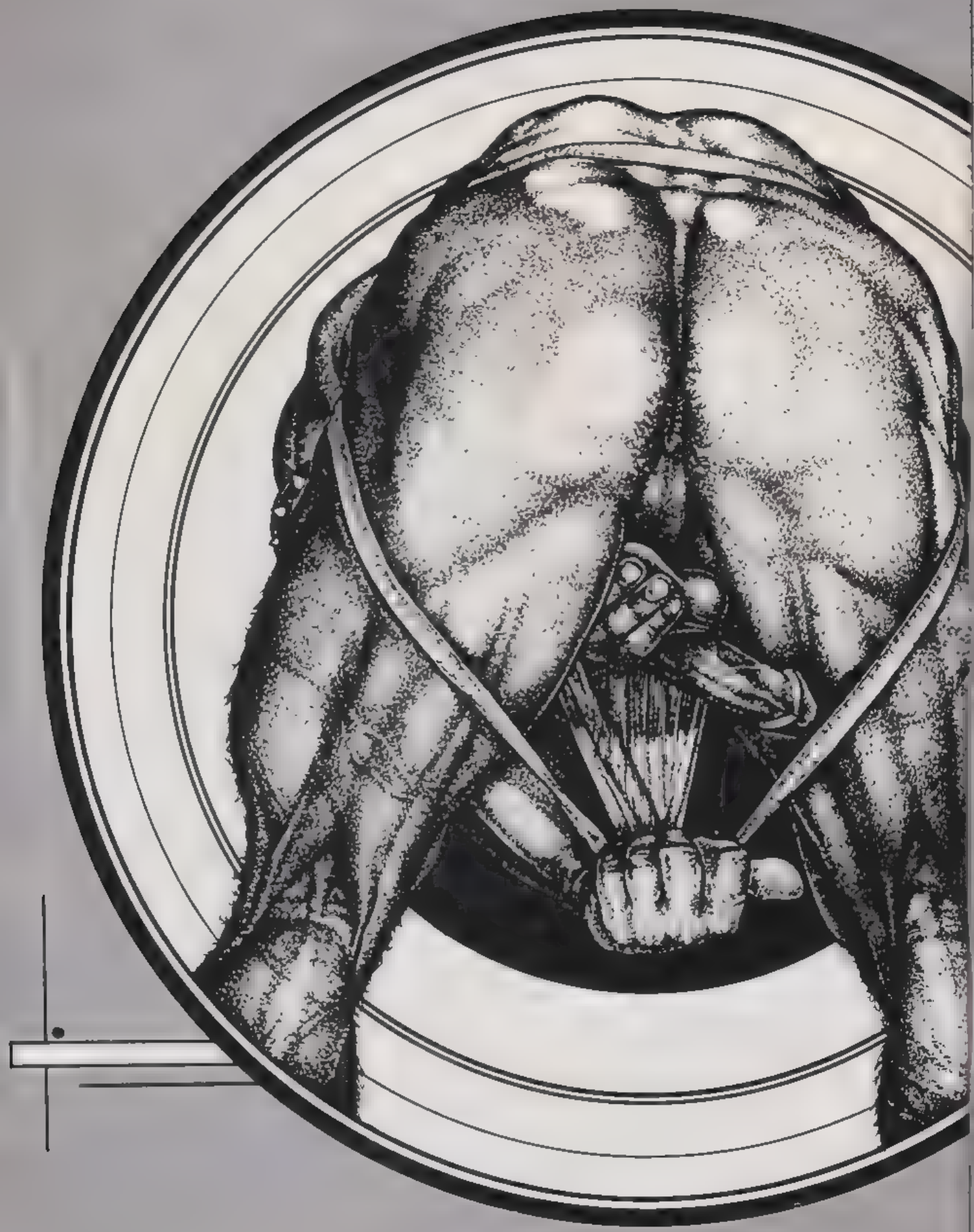


BIG, BAD WOLF

My, what a firm butt you have! And what wonderful muscles! But that's really an incredible piece of meat you have! "The better for you to eat, my dear."

BIG, BAD WOLF

You really didn't want to go to grandma's house, nice as she is, grandma can't give you what the big, bad wolf is offering.



ONE GOOD TURN

"Okay, corporal," Jackson taunted. "Pull that jockstrap down and grab your ankles! I gotta look for hidden contraband! Spread those cheeks!"

By Robert Ralph • Art by Richard White

"I'm going to make a goddamned soldier out of you, Kyle, if it kills me!" barked Sergeant "Bullseye" Jackson. He'd gotten the nickname Bullseye for his proficiency with a rifle. "Ten more!" he yelled.

Kyle struggled to do the extra pushups, his arms and stomach aching, his hair and uniform drenched with sweat. Jackson, his beefy arms stuck on his hips, looked down on the recruit as if he were a bug to be stepped on.

Sergeant Jackson was a hunk: early forties, hard muscles, blond hair, deep tan, intensely blue eyes. If the situation had been different, Kyle would have been turned on like gangbusters. But the sergeant's sadistic streak was a definite turn-off.

Little by little, Kyle's body toughened, but the better he handled the drill and exercises, the more Sergeant Jackson was on his back. Kyle felt singled out. His resentment grew; he desperately wanted to even the score.

Many mornings Jackson looked like he'd been out all night. The aroma of liquor hung in his sweat; he never showed any outward signs of drunkenness, but Kyle knew that sooner or later Bullseye's lifestyle would catch up with him. He only hoped he'd be around to see the cocky bastard get his come-uppance.

What Kyle didn't know was that Bullseye Jackson's drinking was a recent phenomenon, like his physical attraction to Kyle. In all his years of training recruits, not a single one had got his juices going like this curly-haired brunette. Riding the boy helped Jackson while they were together, drinking helped when they were apart. But Jackson knew he was fighting a losing battle. As Kyle's body toughened, Jackson's craving grew stronger. So he rode the boy harder, and the boy got tougher. And more attractive. And angrier.

About two-thirty one morning, Kyle was rudely awakened by someone shaking his shoulder. "Roust out, recruit! On the double!"

Kyle bounded out of his bunk and found himself standing face to face in the darkness with Bullseye. Liquor was heavy on the man's breath, and there was no question that he was looped. But he was the Drill Instructor and Kyle had to do his bidding.

The drunken D.I. marched the sleepy recruit—in nothing but his baggy, army-

issue boxer shorts—out to the deserted parade field. It was a typical Georgia evening, hot and muggy, and the red clay radiated the heat it had stored up the previous day. Jackson put the recruit through his paces, in no time at all the boy's thin cotton undershorts were soaked with sweat and clinging to his body. The sergeant ordered Kyle to attention. "I'm gonna work you all night long!" he slurred, jabbing Kyle's pecs.

"This is against regulations, Sergeant."

"Fuck the regulations. It's my word against yours, 'cruit. And nobody'll believe *you*!"

Kyle was about to protest further, but he was distracted by Jackson's hands. The jabbing had turned into a stroking.

"Jesus Christ! You've ruined my uniform!" Muttering under his breath, Jackson marched Kyle back to the barracks.

In the days and weeks following the incident on the parade ground, the sergeant's attitude toward Kyle worsened. And he was very vocal about his displeasure to his superiors. About a month later, the commander decided Kyle was unfit for line company duty, and he took the necessary steps to transfer him to another unit. Kyle didn't object; the alternative was a dishonorable discharge.

Kyle was shipped out to a military police unit, and he took to it with a vengeance. He intended to make his mark in the Army; now Sergeant

Casey waved his hard dick in Jackson's face. He slapped it against his fleshy lips. "Nurse it, asshole," he snarled. "Nurse it! Do a good job and you'll get some milk."

The hands caressed Kyle's pecs, then his stomach, then his pecs again. The touch was light and the flattened palms tickled Kyle's soft, curly chest hair.

Jackson pinched Kyle's nipples until they were firm and extended. The front of the boy's shorts began to wiggle. Both men looked down. "Looks like you've got one hell of a gun there, 'cruit."

There was no denying the fact that Kyle was responding to the bastard. The weeks of abstinence had taken their toll. But goddamnit, he hated it that Bullseye Jackson might be the one to benefit.

"You can't get away with this, Sergeant."

Jackson laughed. "Watch me, 'cruit. Just stand there at fuckin' attention and watch me!"

Jackson's rough hands shoved Kyle's shorts to his ankles, and, like the recruit himself, the eight-inch cock shot to attention.

Jackson pulled on Kyle's dick until it was swollen and coated with pre-cum.

"You're primed for bear, aren't you, 'cruit? All ready to shoot one hell of a load."

Kyle didn't reply. Jackson's strong fingers worked faster. Kyle shut his eyes, his whole body tensed; he stood on tiptoe. Suddenly, the cum raced from his body. It happened faster than either of them was prepared for. The firehose flow plastered the front of Jackson's shirt.

Jackson was no longer around to hold him back. Soon Kyle had stripes on his sleeve. When he was promoted from street patrol to Officer in Charge of the Post Stockade, he felt that he had it made.

While Kyle was on his way up, Jackson was on his way down. The sergeant's drinking bouts began to catch up with him. About the same time Kyle was given his stripes, Jackson's were stripped away and he was reduced to the rank of corporal. His drinking got even worse; it wasn't long before he wound up in the post stockade.

"Let's get this son-of-a-bitch processed in right away, Casey." Kyle grinned as he addressed his assistant, his eyes holding on Jackson. "He and I have some unfinished business!"

"You, too?" Casey asked. The young sergeant nodded. His assistant locked the door.

"First thing, *corporal*," Kyle said, rubbing in the demotion, "we gotta search you. Strip off that uniform!"

Slowly Jackson undressed. He stood before them in his baggy underwear. "Shuck those, too!" Casey commanded. Jackson obeyed.

"He's just another dogface out of that uniform," taunted Casey. "Okay, *corporal*, pull that jockstrap aside and grab your ankles! I gotta look for hidden contraband!"

"Come on, you guys know I'm not smuggling anything in here."

"We don't know that at all," Kyle objected, grinning. "Carry on with your search, Casey. Make it a thorough one, Jackson! Spread your cheeks!"

Jackson pulled down his jockstrap, then turned around and pushed out his butt. His asshole was large and pink and almost devoid of hair, but the cheeks were firm and well-rounded.

"Now I see the *real* reason they call you Bullseye!" Casey cracked, as he slowly pushed a finger into Jackson's hole. "This thing's big enough for a whole *herd* of cattle."

He added another finger and pushed deeper inside. Jackson gasped and gripped his knees.

"This is against regulations."

"Hey, *corporal*. Look at me." Jackson looked up into his superior's eyes. "It's our word against yours!" said Kyle.

The young sergeant winked at his assistant, then Casey started stretching the opening of Jackson's ass. Jackson's body tensed and shook all over. Casey kept up the violent probing for a while, then removed his fingers with a snapping sound. "He looks clean to me."

"Lie down and spread 'em, Jackson," Kyle commanded. "I want to check for myself."

Jackson followed orders. Kyle unzipped his fly and took out his dick. He pushed it against the soft aseflesh, searched about, then—bullseye! He rammed his full eight inches into place.

Jackson started to cry out, but Casey slapped a palm over his mouth. "Stifle it, corporal."

Kyle pulled out as violently as he'd pushed in. He hung over Jackson's ass, ready for the next attack. "This is for all that goddamned extra duty you piled on me." Slam! Again he hit bullseye. He ground a wide arc, inside the fiery asshole, then pulled back out. "This is for all that verbal crap you put on my head!" Slam! Again, slam! Again, slam! Kyle was pumping rhythmically now, the thrusts deep and violent, the withdrawals long and slow.

Casey took out his stiff dick and started jacking it. He waved it in Jackson's face, slapped it against his fleshy lips, pushed it between them.

"Nurse it, asshole. Nurse it! Do a good job and you'll get some milk."

Casey let the corporal nibble for a while, then when he was least expecting it, he jammed it all the way down the man's throat.

The sound of Jackson slurping on Casey's big dick carried Kyle right to the limit. As Casey increased the tempo of his pumping, Kyle increased his own

Continued to page 76

can tell you want me.
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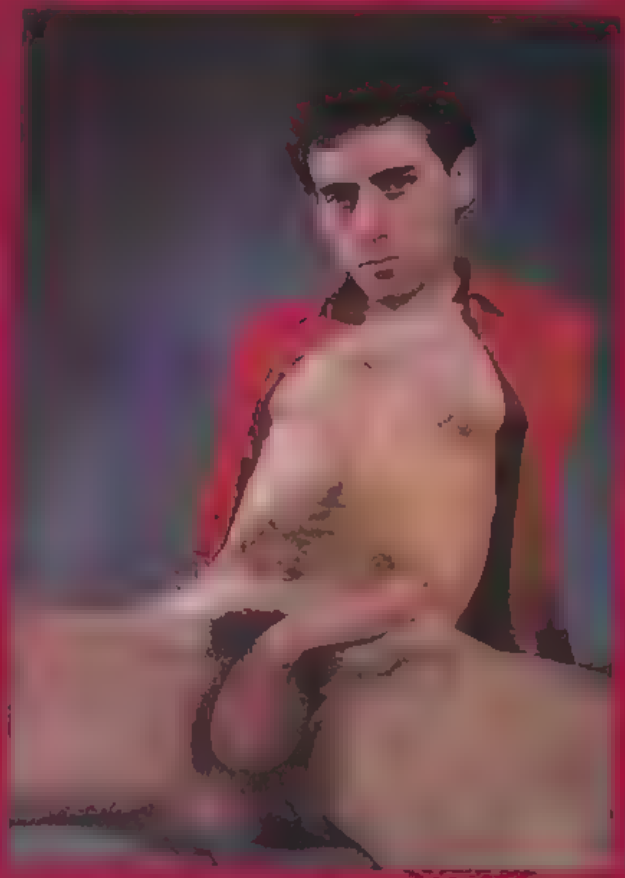
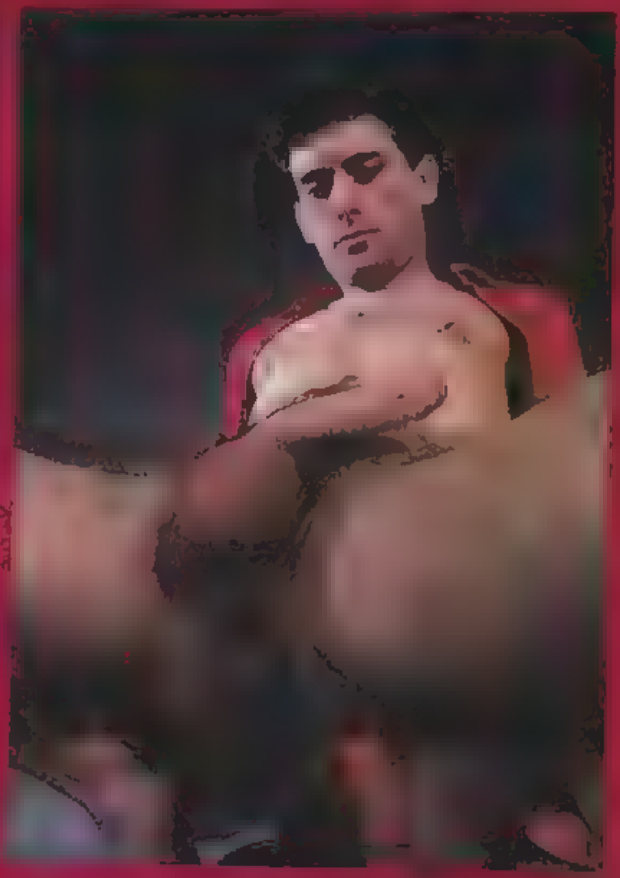
COME AND GET ME





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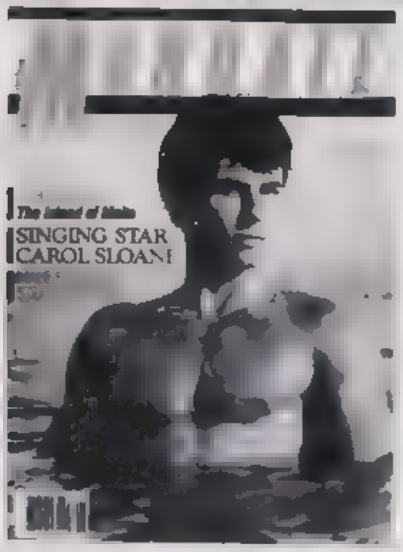

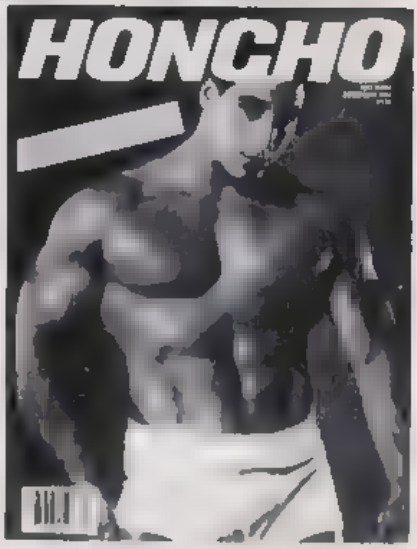

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I FOUND WHAT I'D BEEN MISSING

Continued from page 12

forward again.

He pushed his other ball in. They filled me. I had an uncontrollable urge to expel them, but he started his fucking motions again. I gripped his balls, then I relaxed my muscles, then I tried to force them out but together they wouldn't slide through my sphincter.

He reached for my cock which was now slimy with pre-cum, and with the ball-fucking it had finally gotten hard. He smeared my cock-head and began to roll it between his fingers. As he fucked me, he stroked my cock in his huge, rough hand. In moments I came, it felt, from some deep reserve that had never been tapped before. As he pulled the last drop from my now tender cock, he worked his balls one by one out of my asshole. I collapsed onto the bed and fell asleep immediately.

I only slept a moment, I guess. When I awoke my heart was pumping like I'd climbed a mountain. My asshole felt like a herd of cattle had stampeded out of it. I was exhausted and hungry. Weak-kneed, I made my way to the kitchen. I poured a couple of glasses of milk and found some stale doughnuts. As he walked between me and the kitchen window he blocked the morning sunlight. He was like a huge animal.

He washed his cock at the kitchen sink with Joy and dried it on the dish towel. Then he joined me at the breakfast bar. We ate in silence. Sitting opposite him, I stared at his massive chest and shoulders.

"More milk?" I asked as he ate his fourth strawberry doughnut. He nodded and got up to get it. When he stood in front of the fridge, he totally blocked it out. He had a beautiful back, ass cheeks as firm and round as a young kid. His crack was well-defined but his buns were tight, hinting at mysteries within that deep narrow valley. He bent over to reach the milk. His cheeks spread to reveal a small dark asshole like a pine knot in the side of a barn.

He drank a half gallon of milk and ate six more pink, iced doughnuts. He made eating another sexual act. He broke each one in two and inserted the fat round pastry slowly into his mouth, rolled it around, then gently bit it off. He chewed slowly. After each bite he took a long drink, leaving a moustache of milk on his upper lip. I stood up, leaned across the narrow bar and kissed him on the mouth.

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He slipped his tongue into my mouth It tasted of strawberry milk. I looked at his lap. He was hard again. He reached for another doughnut and placed it on the tip of his cock like a summer hat. He waved his cock with one hand and asked, "You want to eat this?"

I moved around the end of the bar. He swiveled his chair and aimed toward me, his cock like a missile ready to lift off a strange pink satellite. I knelt in front of him and bit throught the doughnut. The rest of it fell to the floor. I chewed and swallowed

"Try the rest of it," he said He took my head in his huge hands and pulled me toward him. His hot rod touched my lips. I opened them slightly and touched my tongue to the smooth head I don't know what I expected but it tasted good I opened my lips and took the whole head into my mouth

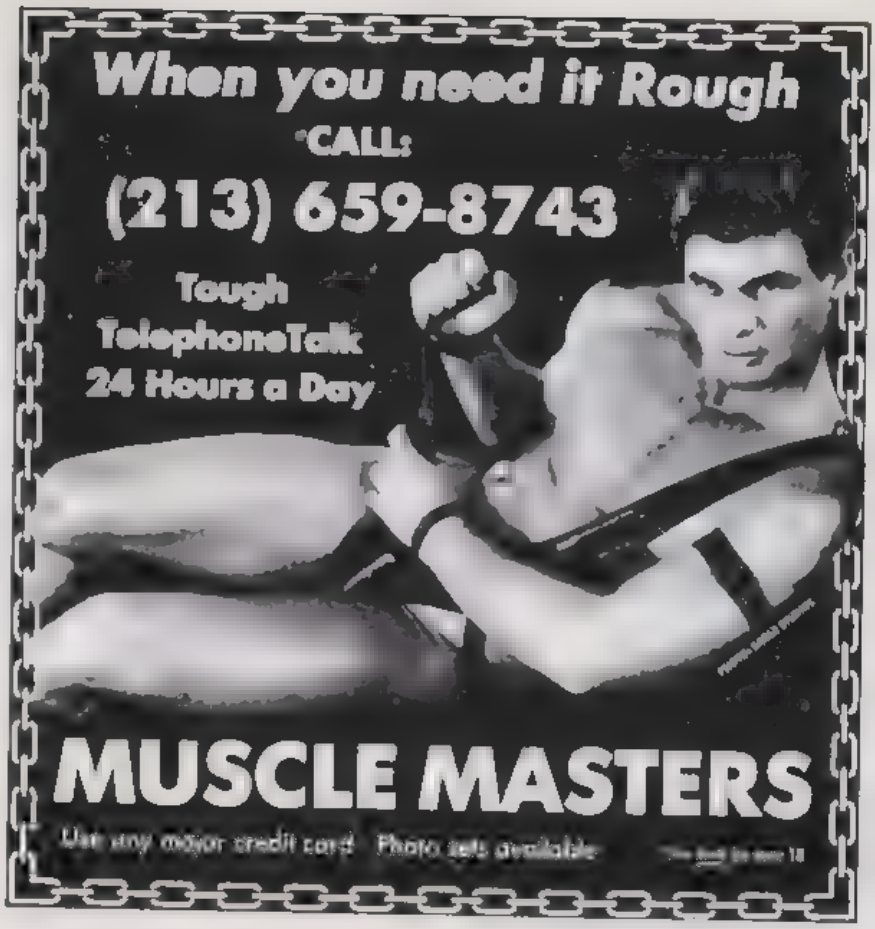
I'd be lying if I said it didn't turn me on. Everything he'd done to me opened up a potential for pleasure I'd only dreamed of. I'd sensed somehow that something was missing in my sex life I'd never experienced any alternatives. Wrapping my tongue around his gorgeous cock made me realize that excitement could be mine.

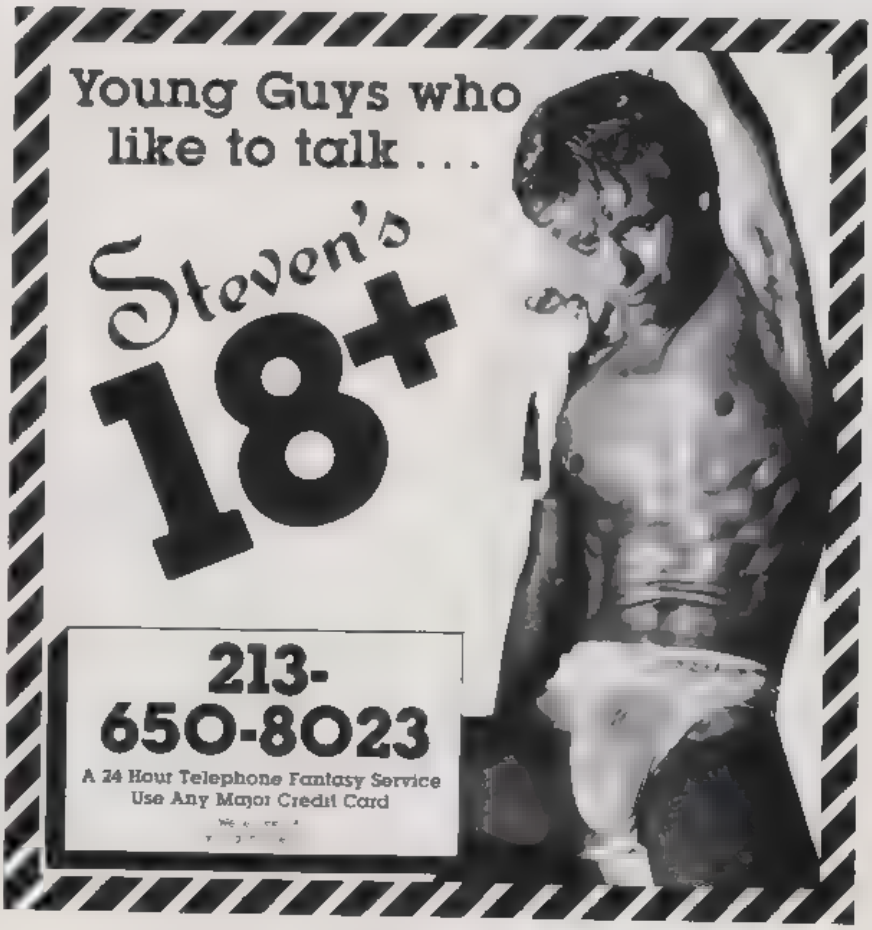
I took my mouth away and examined his cock I'd never looked at my own in this way, this close. On the front, a dark blue vein ran the length of the pole. The cock-head with the foreskin pulled back was a deep cranberry red with a very large eye now filled with my spit. The prominent head stood out over the cock like a knob on a lever

The huge pulsing artery on the underside of his cock was twice the normal width. No wonder his cock was so hard I put my fingers on the artery to feel his pulse.

His balls were like big lemons. They stretched his sac low between his legs. They were covered with fine curly hair. I lifted them in my hand. They were heavy and hot

I wanted to eat him all at once, but he was too big. Everything about him was big I held his cock with both hands and licked the head When my hands stroked up, his foreskin slid back over the cockhead. I stretched the opening and pulled it over the head like a hood, running my tongue inside. It drove him wild It was like the opening of a balloon. I stretched and pulled the loose foreskin every which way. In spite of his huge cockhead, the skin slipped over it without effort. I nibbled on it, sinking my teeth into the soft flesh until it must have caused pain, but he never flinched He merely sat there whining like a dog who's being stroked in just the right way





"OK, that's enough," he said just when I was beginning to get the rhythm of pumping and sucking that kept him as hard as a brick and felt good to me at the same time. He stood up, his cock nearly ripping my mouth apart. "Stretch out on the counter," he commanded.

I filled the counter space. The formica top was slick and cool against my sweaty body. My prick arched up, half hard.

"Now, let's see what the resources are." He opened the refrigerator. Of course he had to bend over to see in. He pulled out a zucchini about the size of his hard prick. He half turned and waved it at me. "Wonderful substitute when you don't have the real thing." He held it beside his cock. "A little small." He put it back in the vegetable bin.

He searched through the fridge, taking the tops off bowls, reading bottle labels, sniffing the contents of jars. He finally opened a covered dish and exclaimed, "Aaah!" He carried it to where I lay. It was last night's leftover noodles. He put his hand in the bowl and sprinkled a handful over my chest, then another handful on my stomach. They felt like cold worms. He dropped another batch on my gradually hardening cock.

"I'm into food," he said, and climbed on top of me. He weighed a ton. I could feel the noodles squashing flat between us. His fat cock lay between my legs and pressed into my pasta covered balls. He squirmed and slid on my cold wet surface. I felt like I was being rolled into a flat pie crust.

His weight pressed against my slighter frame. My hip bones dug into his fleshy stomach. His massive pecs rolled against my own flat nipples. My arms barely reached around his back. I relaxed to enjoy it. The counter and cabinet underneath us groaned and one of the doors sprung open. How was I going to explain the demolition of our kitchen to my wife?

The cold, slick pasta turned into a paste between us. He slid off and stood beside the counter. Chunks of congealed pasta slowly peeled off of his body and fell to the floor. A noodle hung from his cock, caught under the foreskin.

He lay on the floor. I squatted over his face while he licked the underside of my balls and cock and asshole. My sensitive hole tingled with pleasure.

"Sit on me," he commanded.

I positioned myself above his erect pole and lowered myself until he slid into me. Slowly, inch by inch, I sat until the full length was in my gut, filling it with a warmth and pressure I'd never known before.

I sat facing him. I started to lift myself. "Don't move," he said. "Suck your own cock."

I looked down at my cock, firm and enlarged, but not very hard. "I can't. I can't reach it."

"Sure you can. You just need a little help. Spread your knees."

I sat impaled on his weapon. He stroked mine with one hand.

"Lean forward slowly. Stretch those back muscles. Keep your knees apart. Feel my cock in your ass?"

I bent forward, but my face was over his left tit. I took it in my mouth and worked it over with my tongue and teeth.

"Bend in the middle of your back," he said. I sat up and started over. My prick was now completely hard. It stood straight up, throbbing with anticipation. I looked in the eye of my cock and opened my mouth. I moved toward it. He put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me down toward my own meat. I put out my tongue and touched the tip of my cock. I'd made it.

"Just a little more."

I moved another inch and sucked in my own cockhead. It was the ultimate thrill. I licked and sucked the head, which was as far as I could go, tasting the sweet pre-cum stimulated by his cock pressing against my prostate.

He squeezed his ass cheeks together a couple of times and filled my tube with his hot spunk. I could feel it warm the tender flesh.

That was all it took to bring me off. I shot into my own mouth, then while I swallowed that, I spattered my face with another shot. I straightened up, threw my head back, and pumped several more loads onto his gigantic chest and stomach. "Jesus fucking Christ," I cried and fell on his chest.

I guess I slept. Anyway I passed out. When I woke he was gone and I lay on the kitchen floor in a muck of slimy pasta mixed with cum. My asshole felt like I'd shit a telephone pole or something. I cleaned up the place and sat unseeing in front of the television set all day. Everytime I remembered the night I got a hard-on again.

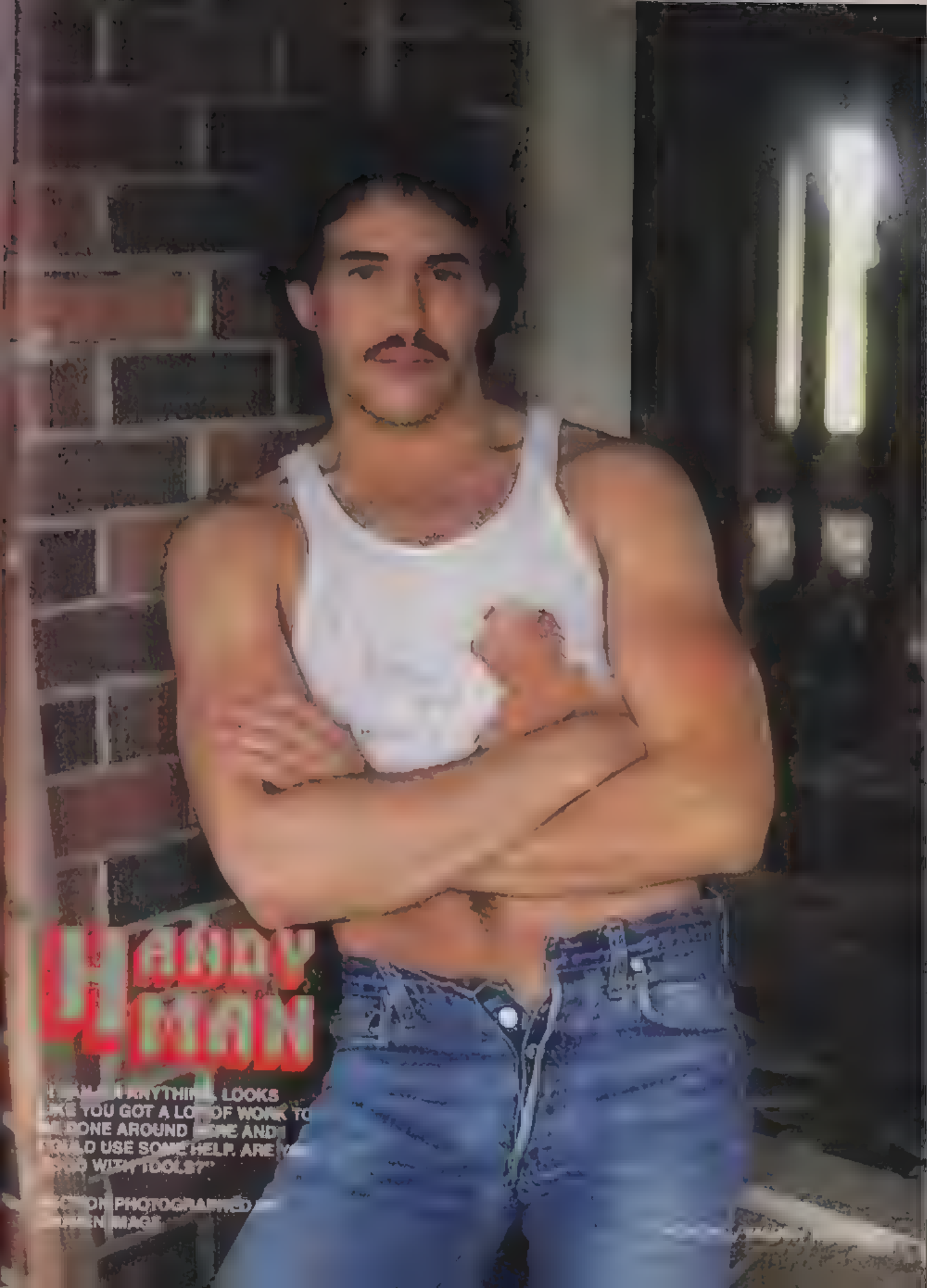
At dusk I heard the key in the front door lock. It was my wife. She smiled and dropped her suitcase by the door. She came to me and sat on my knee. She nuzzled against my neck.

"Miss me?" she asked.

"Ummm," I said.

"Anything happen while I was gone?"

"Naw, nothing much." But my cock was hardening against her thigh as I remembered. ■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WITH TOOLS?"
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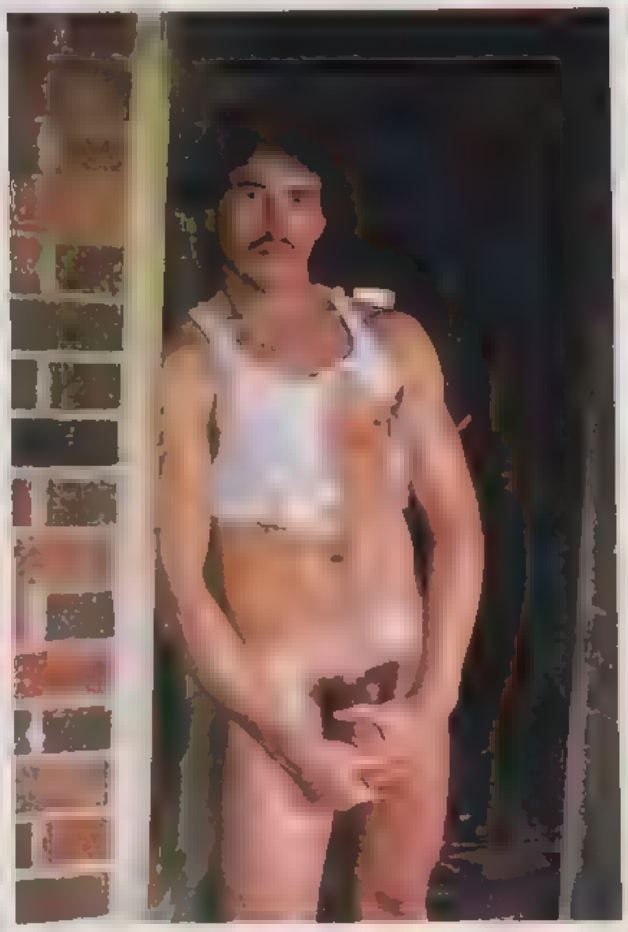
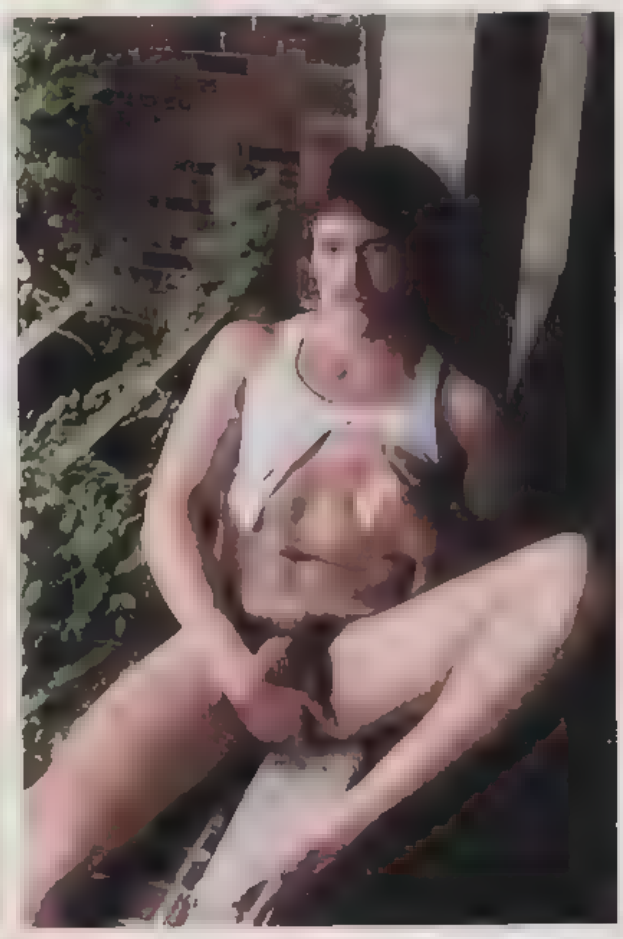
HANDY MAN





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THE SACRIFICE

Continued from page 9

Why not—"

The key rattled in the door and Zep entered. "Freddy wants us for a weekend house party," Loren said

"Please yourself. . long as I can take my panel to work on." Zep went to the bedroom, and Loren grimaced "I told you so!"

"Love me. . love my panel," Freddy cracked

• • •

They reached the cottage late Friday, and Loren parked the Trans-Am under the pines. "Wow!" Zep breathed "They call this a cottage?"

"They do if you own restaurants coast to coast," Freddy said. The building was long and low, with terraces rambling to the lake. "And no one for miles— soooo nice for skinny dipping!"

John met them at the door, a tall sunburned man, easy and gracious. "Take 'em downstairs, Freddy. You'll have to double up—we got quite a crowd"

Each room had two double beds, Zep noted Charming! "Did you *have* to bring that junk?" he said irritably

Loren propped his copper plaque on the dresser. "You brought yours. I might just go off in the woods and work—without interference."

"Fine," Freddy chirped, playing Cupid. "There's plenty of cabins on the estate. Come on, dears, drinkies time!"

Zep stopped abruptly. Through a half-open door they could see the two figures on the bed. The younger guy's face was buried in the pillows, his ass arched up, his thighs gaping open, begging for a hot fuck.

"Oh!" Freddy tutted. "Patrick's at it already."

Patrick groaned as the older guy mounted him like a rooting stallion Loren watched the muscular buttocks ram in, the dangling balls slapping forward as each thrust stabbed the young guy's hairy cleft

"Christ," he whispered, his cock thudding erect. "Is this place a free-for-all?"

"You'd love his prick up *your* ass, wouldn't you, you fuckin' whore!" Zep snapped. He shoved Loren along the passage. "Creamed your pants jus' watching"

Freddy sighed. "This is gonna be *some* weekend!"

• • •

John showed blue movies that night, the guys passing out joints as they lounged on the carpet. Belly-down, thighs spread, Loren felt himself rapidly

Continued to page 74

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THE SACRIFICE

Continued from page 59

getting stoned. Beside him, Helmut, a muscle-bound German in his mid twenties, watched closely as Loren alternately squeezed and relaxed his ass cheeks.

"You have most beautiful ass," whispered Helmut.

Loren glanced at Zep, staring fixedly at the screen. Fuck the big-cocked bastard! He'd ignored Loren all evening "Thank you," Loren giggled. He spread his thighs invitingly, and a stiff knuckle pressed between his flexing cheeks.

"I like to fock your hairy slit," Helmut breathed

Zep hadn't moved. "Why not?" Loren said loudly. "No bastard owns me!"

Helmut's eager hands wrenched Loren's skin-tight jeans downward. He crooned with lust as the marble globes were revealed, the slit between them fringed with baby-fine, golden hairs.

"Ohhh . . ." Helmut groaned, staring down as Loren lifted his cheeks, pleading for cock.

Helmut bent forward, buried his lips in Loren's hairy cave, and tongued the gaping ring. As he sucked, he unzipped himself and flogged his huge cock to rigidity.

Only Zep watched the movie, the rest absorbed by the incredible exhibition. And Loren knew that what had started as a dare, was now out of control. God, he was horny! He wanted cock, hot stiff COCK rammed hard up his ass—and he wanted it now! "Fuck me," he gasped, totally stoned. "Fuck my horny fucking ass!"

The rigid spike probed his cherry, and his ass gaped to take it in. Two guys nearby started masturbating furiously as they watched the violent penetration Loren saw Patrick drop between Zep's thighs, crotch-nuzzling, and he waited for Zep to kick the little bastard in the face.

But Zep just kept staring at the movie.

Patrick unzipped him and stared at the monster he found. His mouth gaped over the huge weapon, as he pushed off his jeans and started fisting his own tool.

As Helmut's groans became screams, Loren felt the bucking cock explode inside him. When he was done, Helmut pulled out and fell panting on Loren's body.

"Next!" Loren called drunkenly. "I want every bastard in the house to fuck me!"

The two guys masturbating gasped. Then they were both on him, fighting to be first to fuck his ass, and before Loren could take a breath, a cock was rammed brutally into him. The other guy shed his jeans and flung himself back on the carpet, shoving his ass in Loren's face as he flogged himself.

Loren buried his mouth in the hairy valley, licking the pouting lips, and the guy shot instantly, spraying his own gut with ropey curds of spurting cum.

Groaning, Loren saw another guy grip Patrick's shoulders and wrench him off Zep's erect tool, dropping to his knees and mouthing the rigid prick as Patrick crawled back to suck the guy's up-tipped ass cheeks.

At last Zep rose, his magnificent rod jutting stiff from his pants. He picked Loren up like a baby even as the last guy spurted his final jets into the ravaged tube.

He carried him downstairs and threw him on the bed. "Whore," Zep snarled "Stinking, cunting *whore*!" His thick leather belt came down on Loren's naked ass. "Whore!" he screamed as Loren writhed and quivered, cowering under the blows. "Stinking whore!"

"Zep, no!" Loren begged, his white ass scarlet from the whipping. He flung his arms round Zep's granite thighs, kissing his balls, and Zep shoved him down on the bed "Zep, please. I *beg* you!"

Zep kicked off his jeans and his incredible horn slapped against his gut. Loren groaned and spread his legs.

Zep mounted him. He stretched open Loren's cheeks, and with one ramming thrust, sank the whole fantastic organ right down to the balls. Loren shrieked and immediately shot his load onto the sheets, simultaneously Zep spermed brutally inside him.

Zep lay panting Then he stood up and Loren rolled over. Zep's prick arched out over massive balls, and even before Loren felt the acid sting, he knew what Zep was doing

"Zep, no!" he screamed, as the hot piss struck his face.

"Open your mouth," Zep snarled, jetting piss in Loren's face. "Drink my piss, you cunting *whore*!"

"No!" Loren shrieked, but the slap jerked his mouth wide open, and he gulped hot rain as Zep sprayed his face and belly and balls with stinging, golden piss.

* * *

In the morning when Loren woke, Zep had gone into the woods. And so had Patrick. "Don't blame Patrick, dear," Freddy said "*You* were the tramp."

"I was stoned." From the terrace, Loren saw Helmut run naked from the lake, his thick cock bouncing. "Anyway, two can play the runaway game," he snapped, and followed the German.

"Oh dear," Freddy sighed. "Cupid, where art thou?"

* * *

Zep returned late, and Freddy grabbed him in the kitchen. "I guess you fucked Patrick silly?"

Zep frowned. "I went to one of the cabins to—to think. Where's Loren?"

"Gone all day too," Freddy said "Fucking with that German bull!" He began to relent. "But if it's any help, he took his copper plaque and tools."

"He loves that junk more than he does me!"

"Interesting," Freddy said, primlipped. "That's what he said about *your* carving!"

* * *

They discoed till early Sunday morning, Loren and Zep groping and grinding everyone but each other When Freddy went onto the darkened terrace, he found Zep crying "An allergy," he said, shoulders heaving. "The pines—"

"Balls!" Freddy said. "You're both being idiots."

"Loren hates my guts," Zep said brokenly. "Oh Christ, I can't believe I really *pissed* on him!"

"Then forget this obsession to be better than him, and make a few sacrifices," Freddy said impatiently.

"Sacrifices?" Zep looked up with tear-filled eyes. Oh, man—Freddy would have given his left ball to pleasure this giant "That's a weakness," Zep continued. "He'd laugh at me. I can't do it."

"You can," Queen Frederica snapped. "And you will!"

* * *

John came onto the terrace for the fourth time and stared along the lake border "Maybe we should get up a search party? Which way did they go?"

"Zep went north." Freddy nervously chewed his lip. "Loren south. They're at the cabins, of course. They wouldn't do anything crazy. . ." His voice trailed off. "I hope."

It was late Sunday evening. There was a chill in the air and John had lit the fire in the living room. Most of the guys had left, and quite obviously, Bill and John wanted to do the same. There was a flicker of movement in the pines. "Thank God," Freddy sighed. "There's Loren now."

"What's he carrying?" John asked.

"His copper plaque, I guess. Those two nuts are wedded to their art."

"Sorry I'm late," Loren said. He followed them in, his face flushed and tense. "Something I had to finish"

He put the canvas bag by his chair and Zep entered.

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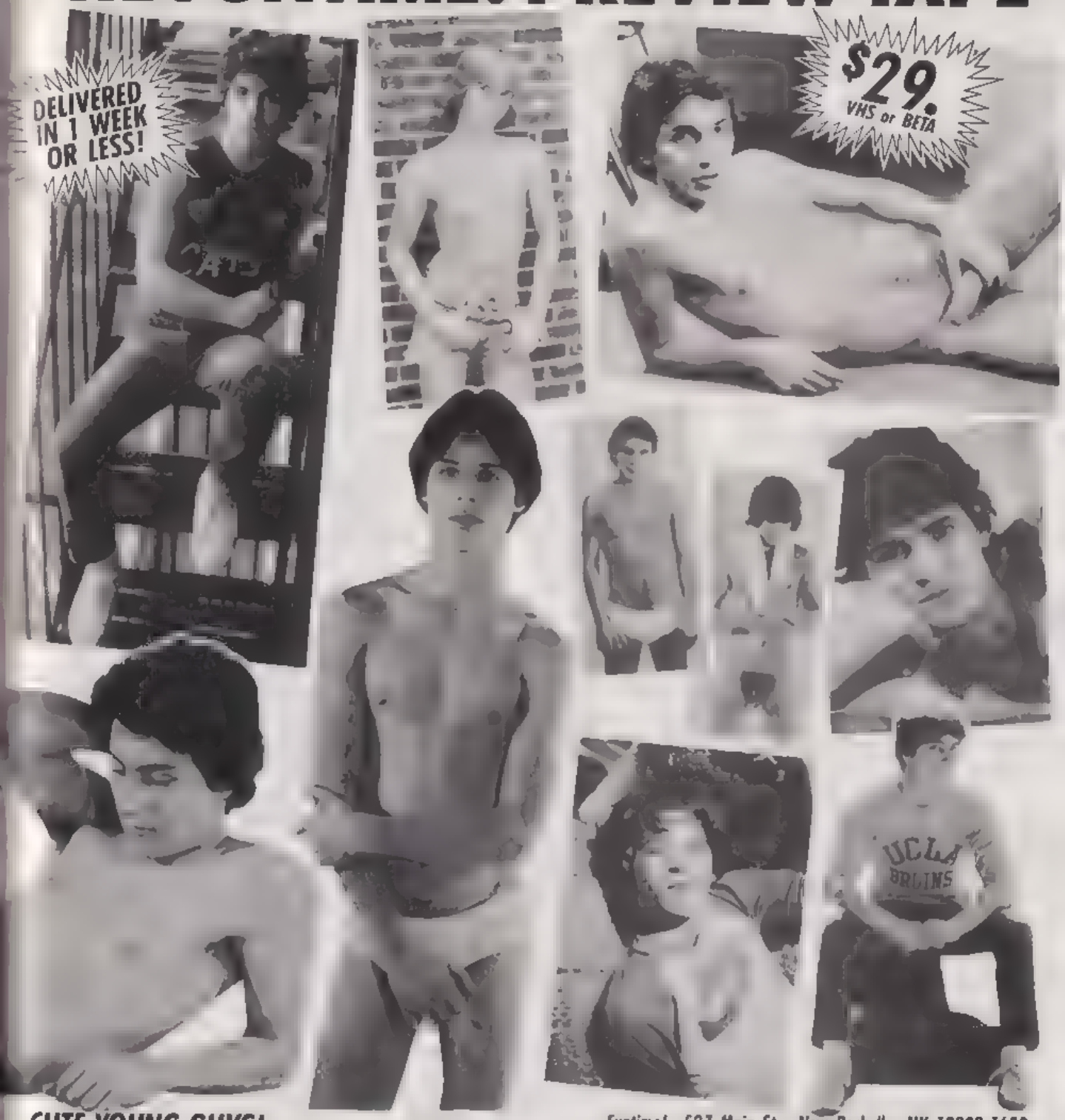

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John rose hastily. "Ah—can I get you guys—"

"No thanks," Zep said. His eyes burned in his face. "I have something for Loren. Then if you don't mind, John, I'd like a lift back to town."

Loren's eyes flicked wide. "But aren't you coming with—" He stopped abruptly. "Oh. Well, if that's what you want."

Zep unwrapped the package. "But before we split . ." His lip began to quiver. "I want you to have this."

Loren took it speechlessly. Beside him, he heard Freddy gasp a strangled "Oh, my *God!*"

It was Zep's cedar panel.

But it was hideously mutilated.

"What did you do to it?" Loren whispered, horrified.

His fingers traced the delicately carved figures, then unable to believe, he touched the gaping hole in the middle. "You've destroyed it!" Loren's eyes flooded with tears. "You didn't have to punish me this way."

"I haven't destroyed it. I made it into a frame. For your copper plaque!"

Loren stared, open-mouthed. Then slowly, he began to smile. "You mutilated *your* cedar panel . . to frame *my* copper plaque?"

"I told you he'd laugh," Zep snarled at Freddy.

"No, my darling." Loren opened the canvas bag. "I have a gift for *you!* For the blank spaces—on your cedar panel!"

Zep took the little round plates of copper. Instantly, he recognized the figures. "Your copper plaque. You cut up your copper plaque—for my panel."

"Yes and there's one more sacrifice to be made." Loren pushed down Zep's jeans, turned him around, and shoved a stiff finger between Zep's magnificent ass cheeks.

"On your knees, my darling," Loren ordered. "Your ass is the next sacrifice!"

Without a murmur, Zep obeyed. ■

ONE GOOD TURN

Continued from page 52

Suddenly, Casey yelled and pulled his dick out of Jackson's mouth. He shot his wad in spurts all over the corporal's face. Kyle's yells blended with Casey's. He exploded against Jackson's prostate. When he was done, he pulled out, wiped his cock with Jackson's t-shirt, tossed it to Casey.

"You realize, of course," said the wasted coporal, "that all this is against regulations."

"You don't give up, do you?" Casey replied cockily.

"Believe me," added Kyle, "You're *never* gonna get out of this hole!"

"As good a fuck as the bastard is, Sergeant, that might not be such a bad idea."

"You mean this isn't gonna be a one-shot deal?" Jackson asked.

"Not on your life," Casey answered.

"That goes double for me," Kyle said.

For the first time, Jackson smiled. He stroked his ass, rolled over on his back, and sighed. "Losing those stripes may have been worth it after all," he said, tucking his cum-soaked dick back into the strap. ■

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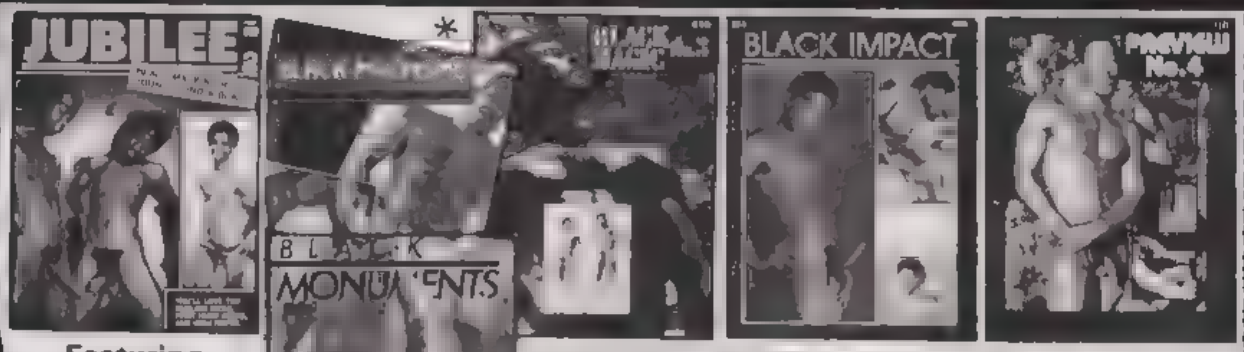

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CONNECTICUT

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Good looking/straight acting Bi/WM, 23, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown/green seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Photo and address. Allen, PO Box 133, Trumbull, CT 06611

FLORIDA

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.
Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

GAINESVILLE AREA
Straight acting, GWM, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks friendship and/or relationship. PO Box 2313, Gainesville, FL 32602 with photo.

BREVARD GWM COUPLE
Seeks other couples for new friendships, sharing activities, entertaining, talking and visiting. Let's meet! P&R, Box 503, Sharpes, FL 32959-503.

SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD" SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"
Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

I AM A 24 YEAR OLD
gay male with blonde hair and blue eyes. 5'8½" and 150 lbs. Would like to hear from all. Ronnie Sanders, PO Box 747-039645, Starke, FL 32091

FT. LAUDERDALE AREA
Want a hot man 5'10" 28 years old 132 lbs Blonde Hair Blue eyes Very hairy chest. And I have 8" cock. I like to suck & fuck. I want a hot man between the ages of 28-30 years old. Also I want to have a possible relationship with him. Please Send Photo. Frank J. Klempa, 108 SW 19th Ave., Apt. #108, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302

BALL WORSHIPPERS WANTED!
GWM 6'9" 245 Br and Br, 11 long inches of sac and nuts for you to play with. For fun and games. (Can you master them and me) I love outdoor fun and games. Mark E. Cole, 10740 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami, FL 33168

SOLID EX-MARINE,
23, Blond and Blue with Five-Star Fuckrod desires Man to Man correspondence and photo swap with Sailing Men/Soldiers/Outdoorsmen (18-30). Discretion assured—Ian Dressler, Box 1601, Longwood, FL 32750

GEORGIA

HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Seeking pilots, F/A's, ramp or ground crew—Coast to Coast. I'm handsome, 6', 170, 30, W/M. Ready to overnight and travel. Photo gets mine. Box 20315, Atlanta, GA 30325.

I AM SPANISH, 23,
5' 7", 140 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, like to meet that someone special, blonde and prefer from California but not necessary, 18-30 for relationship and willing to move to another state if happiness is around please write Erick, 700 South Jolly, Apt. 4, Clarkston, GA 30021. Love to hear from you.

ILLINOIS

LONELY, Y/W/M
Seeking relationship with caring person. Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83, DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D, S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

FOR BLACK MEN ONLY!
Feminine W/M seeks you. T.L. Pease, Box 32 LSH, Logansport, IN 46947

HOT STUD WANTS YOU
Into fucking, sucking, S/M, piss, and bondage. Call (317)457-7491. Talk dirty to me! Send letter and picture to Rusty C., 2301 S. Dixon Rd., Kokomo, IN 46901

KENTUCKY

GWM, 5' 9", 185, 21.
Needs Daddy, friends, companions. Box 299, Burgin, KY 40310

LOUISIANA

ALTERNATIVE
For a change in style or color—Men's Human Hair full wigs—uncut 6 to 8 inch lengths—Beards etc. Send SASE to A.Y.L.I. Office, PO Box 740339, New Orleans, LA 70174.

W/M ATHLETIC, GOOD LOOKING
Straight appearing, 25 yrs. 5'10", 170# Want athletic, masculine man, no fats, fems, drags. Send photo, Phillip, PO Box 91681, Lafayette, LA 70502

PEN PALS
Goodlooking, intelligent, hairy GWM, 21, 5'8", 150 lbs. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 2626-SLU, Hammond, LA 70402-2626.

AN INTER-RACIAL AFFAIR
I'm a Black Gay. Want to meet a nice sexy white guy. If you are 8 in size or more, we could have a for real relationship. Send photo, not necessary, but I would like very much a reply. Melvin Pratt, 1417 Houston St., Leesville, LA 71446.

MICHIGAN

WM, 39, MARRIED, MASCULINE,
Congenial, Discreet For Fun/Friendship P.O. Box 91, Muskegon, MI 49443

MINNESOTA

HOT, HORNY, HAIRY
Hung, WM 31 seeks correspondence with same. Photo helpful. Box 22602, Mpls., MN 55422.

MISSOURI

BODYBUILDER
Masculine GWM, 5' 10", 195 lbs. Attractive, seeks same, Ages 20-35 (sexy), for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal and sexy data and photos gets reply. PO Box 40305, Kansas City, MO 64141.

NEBRASKA

GWM-SUBMISSIVE-BOTTOM
Medium build, 35, 5'2½", 135 lbs., straight acting. Seeks dominant, muscular, horny, cut hunks with hairy chests in need of oral stimulation. Hot mouth and ass needs your big thick tool. Truckers Welcome. Discretion a must. No Fats, Fems, Blacks. PO. Box 31415, Omaha, NE 68131

NEW HAMPSHIRE

NEW TO NEW HAMPSHIRE
GWM, 23, 5'10, 145 lbs., Blond/blue, moving to N.H. (S.E., July) seeking new friends between 18-30, trim and fit. Photo a must. No fems/bilks. G.G. Galm, 98-211 Palimomi, Suite 615, Aiea, Hawaii 96701-4306.

NEW JERSEY

GWM 5'7" 145
Brn blue seeks masc. gays for friends, good times. Pen pals P.O. Box 7224, Rochelle Park, NJ 07662

GWM 38, 5'9"
Brn/Brn, 165. Versatile, Friendly, Fr/Act/Pass. Seeks Masc. Gay/Bis For Good Times. Bob, P.O. Box 1245, Union, N.J. 07083

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.
Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or fems - Write: Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462

HOT, YOUNG & SERIOUS
GWM, 25, cute, black hair, dk brown eyes, nice slim body, tired of cruising bars and one night stands. Looking for macho, straight looking, hot muscular guy between 18-35 for true relationship leading toward serious commitment. Photo will get mine. PO Box 3201, Guttenberg, NJ 07093.

NEW YORK

HORNY 19 YR OLD VIRGIN
W/M 5'5", 130 lbs., extremely good looking, dark, sensual skin with cute ass just waiting for you. If you are white, good looking, have a gorgeous body, and are 18-24 yrs. old, show me how great sex with another guy is. Nude photo and phone a must: Box 353, Elmont NY 11003.

EX ONEONTA FARMER
W/M 6'4" 250 lbs. Full beard, hairy, 30 years old, interests include farming, logging, enjoy fishing and hunting, have rubber boot fetish, looking for someone with similar interest in and around the Oneonta NY area. Have moved away but frequent often. Mark, PO Box 175, Manchester Ctr., VT 05255

TOP/BOTTOM
Bi/W/M 32 looking for same to have fun and explore together. Write your fantasies to PO Box 24661 Rochester, NY 14624

HOT MOUTH
craves hairy, masculine men (25-45). GWM, 31, 5'9", 150 lbs., hairy body. Handsome and hung. No cock has ever penetrated my tight butt. Looking for businessmen, preppies, athletes, married men. Send descriptive letter/revealing photo. CR, 600 W. 58th St., Suite 9150, NYC 10019

GOOD LOOKING/GWM
I am looking for a Greek or Turkish guy 19-30, good looking, to enjoy love, sex and life. I could share everything with the right person. No fats, fems, drugs, S/M. Nice cock and big welcome. Send photo. 892 Spur Dr. So., Bay Shore, NY 11706

HOT COLLEGE FRESHMAN
Attractive, gentle, sincere. Live next to Fingerlakes Mall. Seeks men up to 35 for friends, good times, sex. Possible relationship. Box 238 Fosterville Road, Auburn, NY 13021.

BIG HOT JOCKS WANTED
by tall horny guy, 27, 6' 4", 190 lbs. (212) 874-0296.

TWO YNG GUYS
Seek yng well defined Body Builders. Tony (718) 762-2544; Box 1026, Woodside, NY 11377-1026.

BUTCH LITTLE HUMP
Looking for lover, I get enuff tricks w/o an ad. Me 5'4", 125, 36C, 28W, 8 thick cut, brn/brn hairy chest moustache. Into film, photog, travel, cruising. Successful, versatile. You are short, blond, uncut, hairy legs. I'm almost 40 but due to a wild and misspent youth I easily pass for 27 Steve Hirsch, 241 6th Avenue, NYC 10014.

OHIO

GWM,19, 5'9", 155
Br/Blu, college jock inexperienced, but eager to learn everything. Anxious to meat you soon! Worldwide Correspondence, too. All letters answered Write: Terry Love, 11650 W. US Rt. 224, Alvada, OH 44802

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,
Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E , Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

WHITE MALE, 25,
Blond hair, blue eyes, seeks relationship, to be taken seriously and understood. Will answer all. To: Mitchell Miller Brown, 61 Golden Drive, Meadville, PA 16335.

YNG, BLOND SLAVE
Seeks Yng Levi/top (18-30), gdlkng, smooth bod & well hung. Me: 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8½" cut, hot, tight ass. Seek blonds, long hairs, cowboys, military types and jocks. Dig B/D, W/S, CBT/T, fucking, sucking, fisting, rimming, feet, dildoes, verbal abuse, humiliation, toys, showing, oiltrips, smoke, amyl/ethyl, "fun drugs," 3-ways. Send photo/phone to Bryan, 181 S. 17th St., Pgh, PA 15203, or call (412) 683-7384 wknds. Sincere only.

FRIENDS & LOVERS
Dom GBM 59 155 lbs Seeking long term relationship with submissive male 18-27 yrs. South Central PA area. No fats fems or tvs. Occupant, PO Box 166, Lebanon, PA 17402

BGM 25, 5' 10", 137 LBS.
Seeks WGM 20-30 in Loyalsack for long term serious relationship. Business mind, honest, mature, tall, slim, masculine build, straight appearance, hung one lover man. Only serious need reply Photo, phone. 717-323-1599.

NORTHWESTERN PA,
Or Western NY. Bi, 128, 5'6" White, Good build, Athletic, 42. Write and include photo. Jack Anderson, Box 982, Ellicottville, NY 14731

HARRISBURG AREA
GWM, 22, blond, blue, 5'3", 170 lbs. Handsome, good personality, sincere, straight looking/acting. Seeking same to 30 for friendship and possible relationships. Please include photo. Write to Emie, PO Box 6, Millersburg, PA 17061

SOUTH CAROLINA

BWM PROFESSIONAL
Seeks same for sincere friendship. Likes sports, workouts, outdoors. Occupant, PO Box 168, Aiken, SC 29802

TEXAS

NEED FT HOOD AREA DADDY
G/Mex/26 yrs/Bl hair/Br eyes/6 inch uncut cock/130 lbs. Need Ft Hood area Daddy to service and worship his manly body. For hot manly cuddle and horny sex. Like all types of music, jogging, dancing, movies, quiet times. I don't smoke or do any heavy drinking. No SM/BD, Fats, Fems, Scat, Pain, Blacks, Mex, Orient, Just horny hot manly men who wants daddy's little man to service him Write Bobby Garcia, 204 Allen St, Coppers Cove, TX 76522 (817) 547-8064.

TEXAS MAVERICK NEEDS TAMIN'
Like my sex hot and rough Afterwards cold beer, hot shower, warm sleep if you're man enough 5710 Glenmount, Apartment 104, Houston, TX 77081 713-668-9912 "JAKE"

VERSATILE WEST TEXAN
G/W/M 35-5'10"-145. Interested in meeting new friends for fun and good times. Call Steve at 915-447-2188. No J/O calls please.

WISCONSIN

GWM 26, 6' 195 lbs.
Well hung but inexperienced seeks blond WM for mutual enjoyment, Into sucking and being sucked Your photo gets mine. Scotty, Box 11344, Shorewood, WI 53211

HAIRY, HORNY, GWM 32
Seeks bareassed buddies 18-42 for naked fun, outdoor sex Your hard-on photo gets mine. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701

PEN PALS WANTED
especially other guys who had hot times with adult males before they were 16 or 17 PO Box 14362, Milwaukee, WI 53214

INTERNATIONAL

NEW IN VANCOUVER
Would love to suck you. Also enjoys mutual J/O and water sports. GWM mid 30's. Bi's welcome also. Call 681-6000.

NEW IN CALGARY
GWM mid 30's loves sucking, mutual J/O, water sports. I like hard hats, uniforms, athletes, etc. No race or age hangups. Gay or bi call 229-3668.

SEASON'S GREETINGS
I want to wish the Greek Action Studs and lonely people a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. And I want to thank all the guys that replied to my ad last Xmas. It was quite a surprise for me. I didn't expect to hear from anyone. Bernard MacPherson, 432 Jarvis St, Apt. 603, Toronto, ONT M4Y 2H3

GERMANY
Blond, sensuous stud 27/6'/130 looking for exciting, amusing correspondence and lustful meetings. Box 1726, 4620 Castrop-Rauxel, W. Germany.

HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT
See "GEORGIA"

37, CHINESE,
5'9" tall, black hair, brown eyes, with 7" cut horny tool, want to write and meet sincere guys with hairy body or with moustache for serious relationship 30-60. I love swimming, boating fishing, horse-riding, sun-bathing, cooking, travel, gardening and photography. I'm slim and hairless, and active. Jose Po Tan, PO Box 764, Cebu City 6401, Philippines.

GWM 30'S
Seeks friends, playmates for good times. Please enclose a photo for faster reply. #1208-610-4 Ave SW, Calgary, Alberta T2P 0K1, Canada

INTERNATIONAL/GERMANY
Handsome German, tall, 1 86m, cut 7', looking for straight men age about 35-40, for contact and correspondence. H Weyand, Gartenstr. 6, 5480 Remagen, W. Germany.

WOULD LIKE DUTCH,
England Sweden gay 19-32. My age 35. Very straight acting and good job. Would help with schooling. Will answer letters with nude photo and address. S.S., PO Box 61, Crooksville, OH 43731 614/697-7329 10 pm to 8 am

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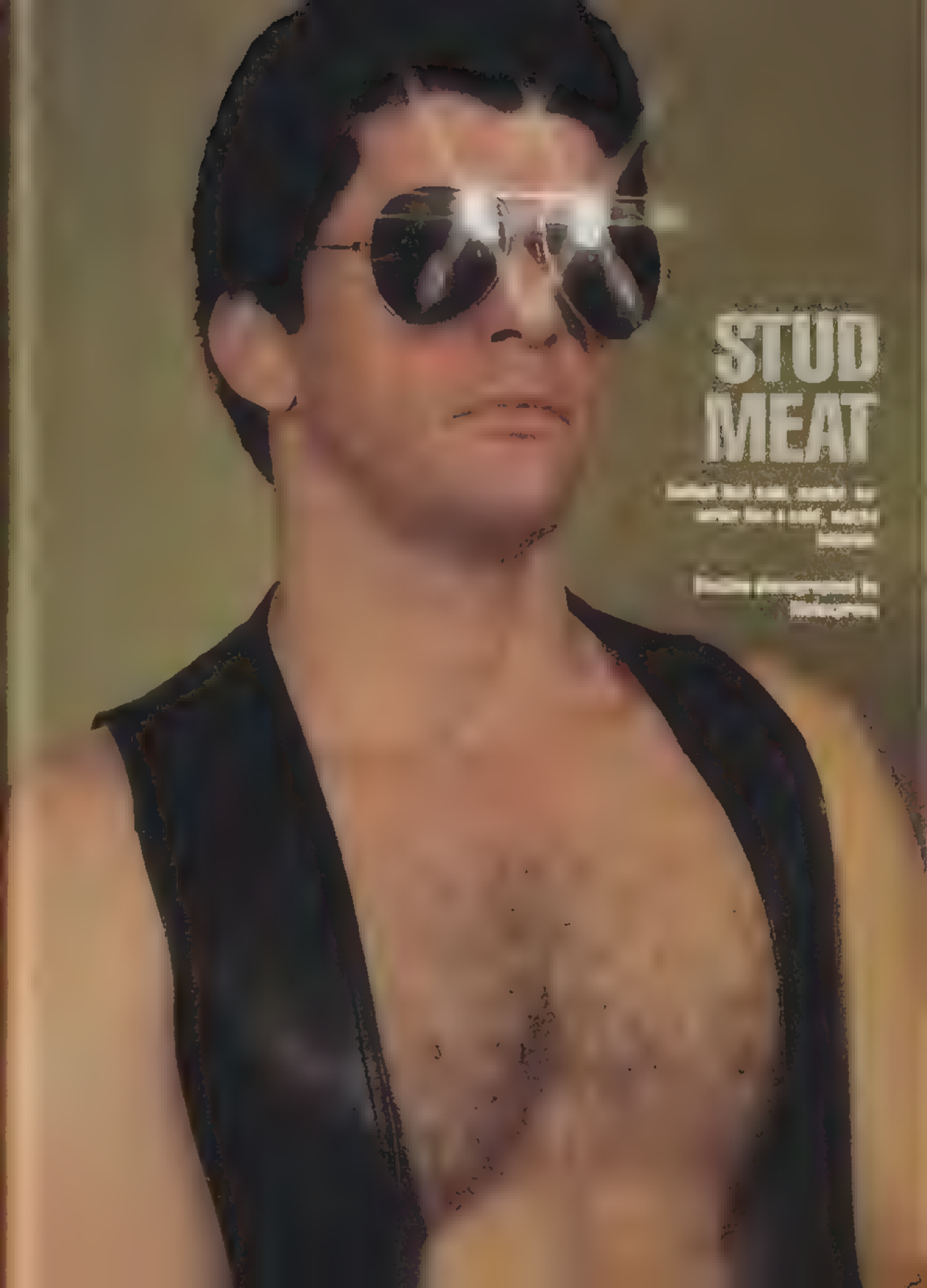
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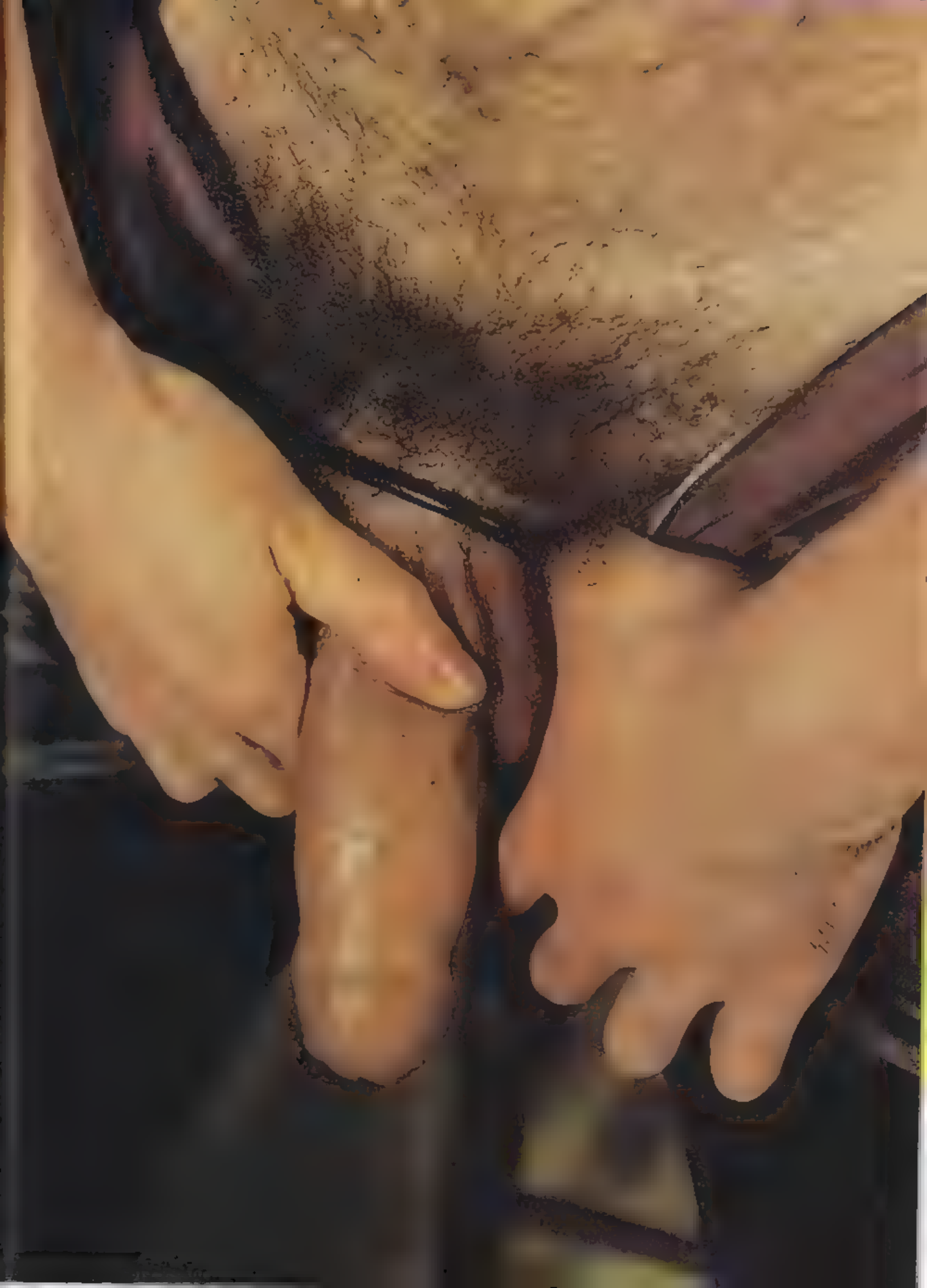

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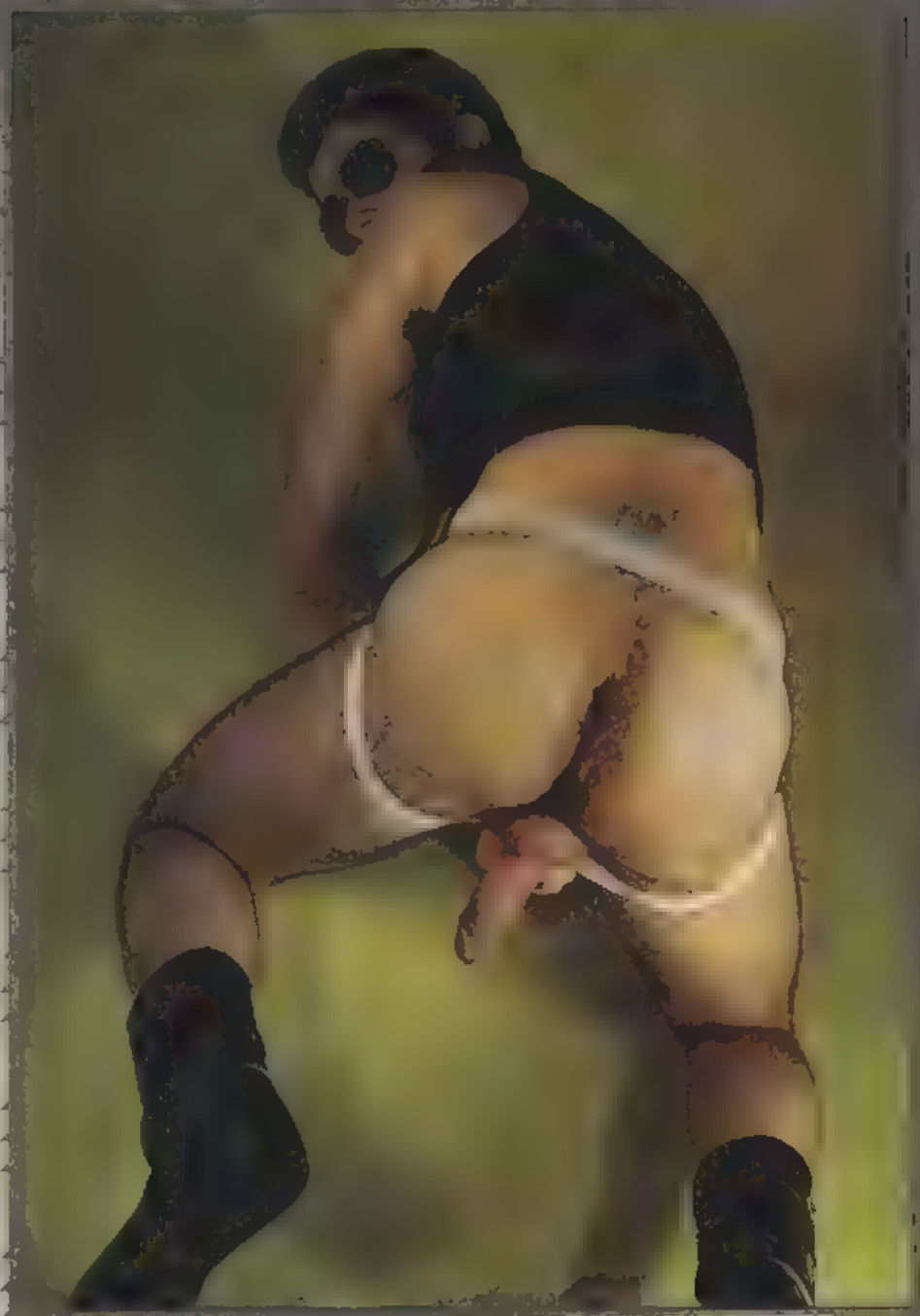

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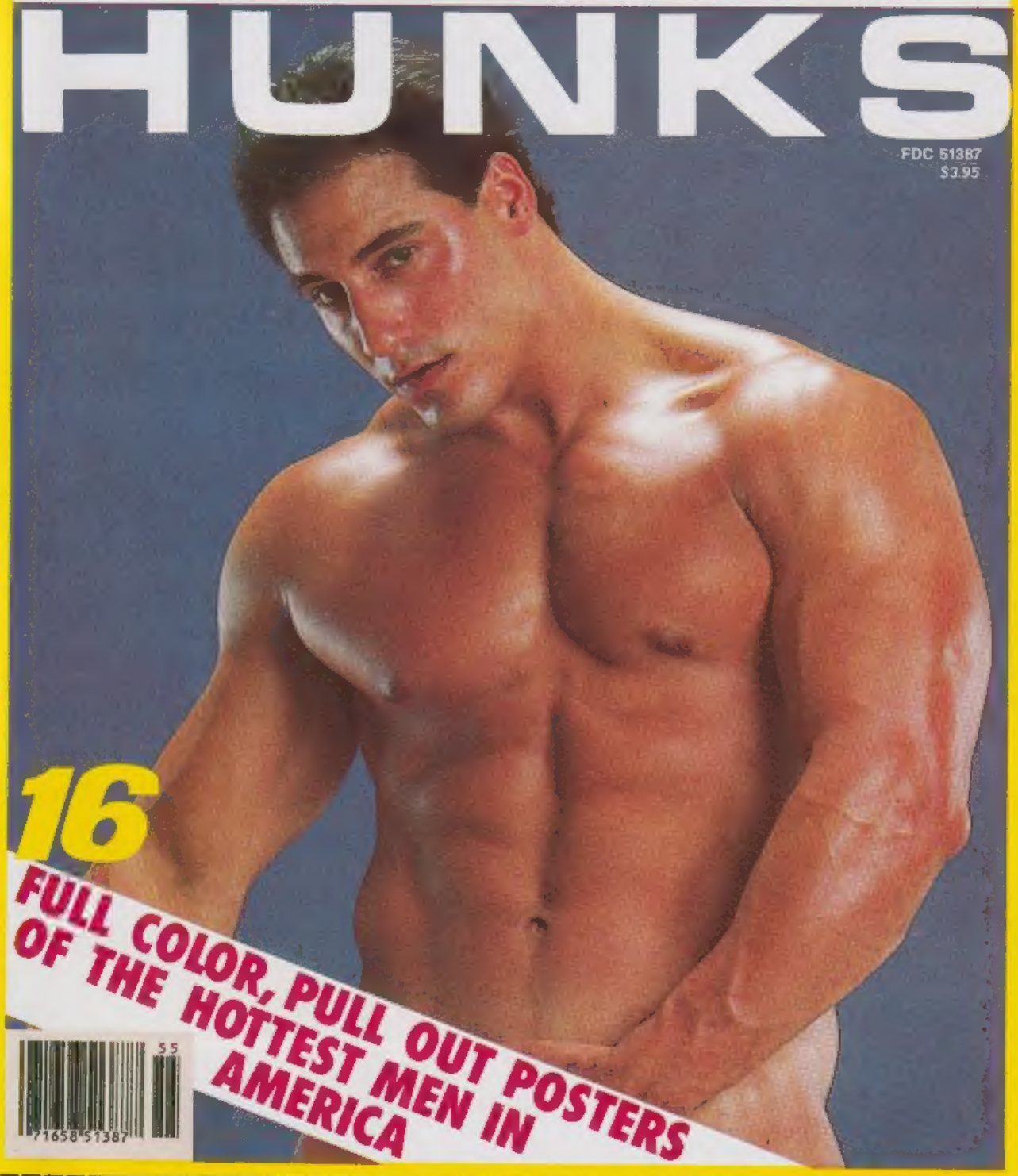

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